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EGYPT.

THE Conference did not begin its sittings on Thursday as had been proposed. The German and Austrian representatives stated that they were still awaiting their instructions; and as the representatives of England and France had only received their instructions on the previous evening, it is not surprising that the Powers less interested had been less rapid in their action. It may be that the representatives of all the Powers will be ready to set to work in a day or two; or possibly there may be Powers which at the last moment have decided not to take part in a Conference to be held at Constantinople. The Porte has not only positively declined to take part in the Conference, but it has issued a Circular in which it declares that there can be nothing for a Conference to do. The objects of the Conference, as we know from the statements of Mr. GLADSTONE and M. DE FREYCINET, are to devise means by which the authority of the present KHEDIVE may be re-established, the progress of Egypt as a semi-independent State assured, and the effective working of the international engagements of Egypt guaranteed. The Porte brings to the notice of the Powers that all these objects have been obtained. The KHEDIVE has a Ministry with which he is working in perfect harmony; this Ministry ensures the order which will bring back prosperity; and it pledges itself that every international engagement shall be scrupulously fulfilled. All, therefore, has been done that could be done, or that a Conference could wish done. There can be no need for any armed intervention, whether Turkish or European. The SULTAN is satisfied with the present conduct of affairs in his Egyptian province, and the foreign Powers have nothing of which to complain, except of the recent outbreak, the participants in which are to be punished by a tribunal composed equally of native and foreign members. That this picture of things in Egypt is imaginary, and that all the guarantees of which the Porte speaks are illusory, is comparatively immaterial. What is important is that the Porte virtually announces beforehand that if it is invited by the Conference to act forcibly in Egypt it will refuse. Nor is it any secret why it has come to this decision. The SULTAN has calculated whether he has most to gain as Sultan by making Egypt once more a Turkish province, or to lose as Caliph by provoking an Arab insurrection; and he has decided that he cannot face the risk of appearing to Mussulmans as the mandatory of the infidels in suppressing faithful followers of the Prophet. Half the work of the Conference is thus cut away from it before it meets. It has not to consider on what terms it will invite Turkish intervention; for it is told that Turkish intervention on any terms is out of the question. What it has to consider is the means of effecting its objects apart from Turkish intervention. It is no doubt possible that, if the Powers decided on any scheme of active intervention, the Porte might be induced by Germany to use its own troops rather than see the intrusion of armed foreigners into Egypt. But the change could only be brought about by the Powers having already agreed on some intervention other than Turkish. The primary work of the Conference must therefore be to decide whether the intervention of all or some of the Powers represented at it shall be countenanced. The only use of the Conference meeting at Constantinople rather than elsewhere is that, if European intervention

was decided on, it might be easier to induce Turkey to supersede the necessity of this intervention by acting itself if informal suggestions could be made day by day by those to whom Turkey is most ready to listen, than it could be if Turkey was told by a Conference meeting at a distance that it must once for all make up its mind on a sudden to interfere or to see others interfere.

Sufficient has been published of the diplomatic correspondence between England and France up to the early part of May to enable readers to judge fairly what has been the general course pursued by the English Government. It appears to have insisted with commendable pertinacity, and ultimately to have insisted with success, on three points as to which there was a considerable divergence of opinion between the Governments of France and England. The English Government insisted that TEWRIK PASHA and no other Viceroy must be upheld; that France and England should only act in concert with the other Powers; and that, if force must be used, it should be Turkish force. To all these propositions M. DE FREYCINET ultimately came round; and after declaring long and loudly that France could not tolerate Turkish intervention in any shape, his eyes were at last opened, and he suddenly saw that the Turkish intervention proposed might be regarded, not as a Turkish intervention, but as an English-French intervention undertaken by deputy. The only point on which the English Government gave in to the French was as to the sending of the vessels to Alexandria. The English Government wished that the vessels should be sent in pursuance of a resolution arrived at by all the Powers. France wished that England and France should act independently, and the English Government gave way in consideration of France having given way on matters of much greater importance. It is most difficult to say whether the English Government in thus giving way departed from its general line of policy. The contention of the other Great Powers is that the affairs of Egypt must be regulated in the last resort by all Europe, but that England and France are entitled to an initiative; and what an initiative means no one can say until some experiment is tried. This is precisely the contention of Signor MANCINI, so far as can be gathered from the imperfect reports of his speech hitherto published; and the contention of Signor MANCINI is precisely the contention of the English Government. It has now been adopted by France, and the Conference has been summoned to give effect to it. But here, again, comes in the initiative. The business of the Conference is to listen to and discuss the proposals for intervention, other than Turkish, which England and France have to make. It will really be England which gives life to these proposals; for, in the present state of Continental affairs, unless England announced its intention to act, France could not act; and the Conference will never do a day's work unless every one who meets at it knows that England is resolved to send troops to Egypt if Turkey will not send them. The time for vague talk is gone by, and the Conference is entirely unnecessary unless it means that England will carry out the policy on which it has hitherto been insisting, and will approach Europe in the attitude of a Power which is going to act, but wishes to consult its friends as to the mode in which its action may be so shaped as best to fall in with their wishes. What proposals England still has to make are necessarily at present kept secret by the Government. But it is obvious that France must be allowed if it pleases to join in any intervention proposed. There are therefore only two alterna-

tives which the proposals can contemplate. Either there must be an Anglo-French intervention, sanctioned and regulated by Europe; or other Powers, and especially Italy, may be invited to join in the intervention. If the Conference will not sanction an Anglo-French intervention, and no other Power will join in the intervention, the Conference will be at an end, and England and France will have to act as they may think fit.

But England, although it may thus regain its freedom to act, will not be free to act or not act. What it calls together the Conference to hear is that the interests and honour of England are so deeply involved that it must intervene by force unless Turkey will act for England and Europe. Whatever may be the result of the Conference, England cannot say that its interests and honour are not deeply involved, and that it will not act alone if necessary, but with others, if more convenient to Europe. Whatever may have been his utterances in the past, Mr. GLADSTONE and all his Cabinet are now finally committed to the view that England has enormous interests in the Suez Canal, and that these interests must and shall be protected. There are only two ways of protecting English interests in the Canal. Either there must be a friendly Government dependent on England at Cairo, or England must hold the Canal apart from the rest of Egypt. Hitherto England has been working in the first of these directions, and has been right in so working, partly because the best and cheapest way of protecting the Canal is to have a Government at Cairo that it can trust, and partly because its engagements to France and to Europe make it impossible that it should take any other course. Even now it is bound to show that it will make an honest endeavour to establish a Government at Cairo with which Europe may be reasonably content. It is often forgotten how very far England has gone in setting up a state of things in Egypt of which it asked Europe to approve. England created the International Tribunals by which justice was to be rendered to Europeans. England put the Viceroy it wished for in power, had its own Controller to watch over Egyptian Ministries, invited foreign Powers to acquiesce in an arrangement by which as much was to be paid to the creditors of Egypt as England thought could properly be paid, and induced foreigners to pour their capital into a country on the good government of which England pronounced that foreigners might rely. It is quite true that France joined in all this, but the engagements of England are the engagements of England whether any other Power joins in them or not. It is only when the difficulties of restoring a good Government at Cairo are found to be insuperable that England will have to think of the other mode of protecting the Canal and of holding it on her own account. It is evident from Thursday's discussion in the House of Commons that the minds of Englishmen are fast setting to the consideration of the possibility of resort being had to this secondary mode of protecting the Canal. It was getting far on the road when the Government and the House joined in speculations as to what English troops holding the Canal were to drink. It is satisfactory to know that the Government is sure that even if the supply from the Nile was cut off there would still be water to drink. The secret of the source of supply was not disclosed to the House; but possibly Mr. WILLIAMSON may have anticipated the revelations of the Government when he said that sufficient water might be obtained by distillation. The subject of the Suez Canal is necessarily outside the scope of the Conference. England can never listen to any proposals for a neutralization of the Canal which would bar her road to India in war. But it is impossible that, when a Conference is sitting to discuss the proposals of England for maintaining its interests in Egypt, the Suez Canal should be out of the minds of those who take part in the discussion; and the labours of the Conference will be facilitated rather than impeded if those who meet have a tacit conviction that England will protect the Canal in one way if it cannot protect it in another.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

ON Tuesday Mr. GLADSTONE unfolded to an expectant and bewildered House the Ministerial arrangements for the conduct of public business. Stated shortly, the programme may be said to be to push on the two Irish Bills, not exactly side by side, but so that one shall be as

much as possible linked to the other. After the Irish Bills there is to come the Corrupt Practices Bill, then the Rules of Procedure, and then nothing. If any other Bills can be got through without opposition, so much the better for those harmless measures; if any one opposes anything, opposition is to prevail. It is only when attention is given to details that it is apparent how very much is to be lopped off in order that these four great measures may have air and space to grow in. The proposals of the Government with regard to local government and the administration of London have long been abandoned for this year; but it was startling to find that, after all that has been said on both sides, Session after Session, as to the imperative necessity for the reform of the Bankruptcy laws, Mr. GLADSTONE did not even seem to remember that a Bankruptcy Bill was to have been one of the chief measures of the Session. In order to lighten the discussion on the Budget, the tax on carriages is to be given up; in order to get the Corrupt Practices Bill forward, the Ballot Amendment Bill, and the Bill dealing with the boroughs where corruption has been found to prevail, are not exactly to be given up, but are to be put in the dangerous position of being considered to be liable to be given up. If any one raises a doubt as to whether the large Irish towns ought to come within the scope of the Irish Sunday Closing Act, discussion is to be ended by this Act being simply inserted in the general Continuance Bill. Lastly, there is to be a new mode offered to the House for at once shelving and not shelving Bills which are taken to be of a peculiar and local character. There are three Bills relating to agricultural holdings in England, and there are two Scotch Bills, one relating to entail and one relating to endowments, which Mr. GLADSTONE suggested might, if the House was so disposed, be remitted to two of those Grand Committees the creation of which was contemplated by the new Rules. Mr. GLADSTONE did not press that this should be done, and he carefully guarded against the supposition that the Government wished, by creating a precedent, to anticipate the discussion of that portion of the new Rules which deals with the institution of Grand Committees. He only threw out a hint of what might be done if the House wished to expedite the passage of Bills to which private members attach great interest, and to which the Government see no serious objection. It is highly improbable that the hint will be taken. Even if proposals were made in accordance with Mr. GLADSTONE's suggestion, it is impossible that a reference of these Bills to Grand Committees should be permitted except after debates far too long to come within the narrow limits of the Session. For, as it happens, the Bills of which Mr. GLADSTONE spoke raise two of the most serious difficulties which the proposal to establish Grand Committees will have to encounter. Two of the Agricultural Holdings Bills run sufficiently on the same lines to be considered together; but the third is framed on totally different principles. A Committee dealing with all these would not be at all in the same position as a Committee of the House dealing with a single Bill. It would either make a piece of legislative patchwork which would amount to a new Bill, or it would exclude the clauses of the third Bill, and thus nullify the decision of the House expressed by reading the Bill a second time. The proposal to refer the Scotch Bills to a Committee could only satisfy Scotchmen if the views of the Scotch members of the Committee were to prevail, however the Committee might be composed. Instant advantage would be taken of the precedent to claim that Irish Bills should be referred to an Irish Committee, and Parliament will think twice, and even three times, before in present circumstances it parts with its control over every stage of Bills relating to Ireland.

The actual proposal before the House on Tuesday was that the Arrears Bill should be taken, not only without intermission after the Prevention of Crime Bill is finished, but during the intervals which must elapse between one stage of the latter Bill and another. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE recognized that, from the point of view of the Government, which is that both Bills are equally indispensable to the welfare of Ireland, the course proposed was one to which no serious objection could be made. All that he wished was to reserve his freedom to criticize and oppose the Arrears Bill when it came on. Mr. GLADSTONE announced two unimportant changes which the Government wished to make in the Bill, and one change which is of considerable moment. A new set of Commissioners is to be invented to make the inquiries which the Bill directs,

and the overworked Land Commissioners are to be relieved from an invidious and alien duty. The change is a beneficial one, as it is assumed that the new Commissioners will be competent to undertake a singularly delicate and difficult task. They have to ascertain the existence of a very wonderful and mysterious set of persons—of tenants who have exactly enough money to pay one year of arrears, and not a halfpenny more; and to explain with patient firmness that tenants who are hopelessly insolvent, and tenants who are holding more than one harvest, are out of the scope of this remedial measure. But Parliament is not to have the satisfaction of thinking that, if it passes these two Irish Bills, it will have done with Ireland for this Session. This is very far from being the case. Mr. GLADSTONE announced that, at the proper time, he would declare the views of the Government with regard to the clauses of the Land Act affecting leases, the purchase of the interests of the landlords, and the condition of Irish labourers. These are three very burning questions; and, if the Land Act needs amendment on these heads, the Government must be at last alive to the serious imperfections of their measure. The conduct of public business will be greatly embarrassed by this announcement of the views of the Government. It will be very difficult for the Government to say that leaseholders ought to be relieved, that landlords ought to be helped to get rid of their land, and that the condition of the labourers ought to be improved, and yet say that all these things can wait for another year, and that meanwhile leaseholders must be excluded from the benefits of the Act, landowners go without purchasers, and the labourers suffer and be strong according to the Irish view of suffering strength. On the other hand, to attempt to deal with these matters during the present Session would be to place a new piece of work before Parliament quite as laborious and intricate as any with which it now has to deal.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE reminded Mr. GLADSTONE that it was quite impossible that the time of Parliament should be wholly given to the measures to which the Government clings. Scarcely anything has been done with Supply; the financial position of the country must be examined; there must be inquiry into the mode in which Egyptian affairs have been managed; and, as another speaker remarked, the House must go through the annual farce which it calls discussing the Indian Budget. There seems so little prospect of getting as far as the new Rules in the few weeks which still remain, if the Session is to be of the ordinary length, that Mr. GLADSTONE more than hinted that he would have an autumn Session for the special purpose of passing the new Rules. It seems very hard on the House of Commons that it should be exposed to the nuisance of an autumn Session when it is entirely the fault of the Government that so much of the Rules as the House wishes to see adopted was not adopted months ago. It seems harder still that the House should be punished for the fault of the Government, when it is considered that there is nothing whatever in the new Rules, if they had been carried exactly as the Government proposed them, which would have done anything to prevent the present block of business. Parliament spends day after day over the Prevention of Crime Bill, partly because every clause of the Bill is debated at extreme length in Committee, and partly because the House cannot enter on the discussion of the clauses until hundreds of questions have been disposed of. The new Rules did not touch in any way the unlimited right to ask questions. There has been no obstruction; there have been no factious motions to report progress; the minority always, or almost always, exceeds twenty. It might be thought that, if the Government could have enforced the *clôture* by a bare majority, the discussion on the clauses in Committee would have been abridged. It is extremely doubtful whether the *clôture* could have been once applied since the House got into Committee. The SPEAKER would have had to take the initiative, and to give voice to the general sense of the House. Probably the Government would itself not have quarrelled with its Irish allies by cutting short the discussion by Irish members of an Irish Bill. Even if it had wished to stop this discussion, it is very doubtful whether Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have assented. It is the duty of the leader of the Opposition to protect not only his special minority, but all minorities, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord HARTINGTON, and every possible leader of an Opposition,

must be aware that, unless as much latitude is given to Irish members as would be given to English or Scotch members, the Parliamentary union of England and Ireland is a mockery. The leader of the Opposition has only to intimate that he hopes the debate will be allowed to proceed, and it becomes impossible for the Speaker to say honestly that the general sense of the House is that the debate shall be closed. The real objection to the new Rules is that they would do very little to facilitate public business. They would, however, do something; and if the Government would but shape its first rule consistently, and let the general sense of the House mean, what it naturally means, the general sense of both sides of the House, there is no reason why the Rules, apart from those which create Grand Committees and introduce a novelty the very nature of which has never been explained to Parliament, should not be passed this Session in a time equal to that which a debate on Egypt must occupy. The proposition which Mr. GLADSTONE described on Thursday night as having been made by him to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE six weeks ago would, if it were revived, go a long way to secure this result. In strictness the Government is of course not bound by that proposition at present; but to recede from it would be not only somewhat unhandsome, but also decidedly unwise. The most long-suffering Opposition would resent, and could still resent effectually, fast-and-loose play of this kind. But a reasonable compromise on the point would smooth the way for the acceptance of all but the more speculative and less important part of the Rules. After that acceptance, to make Parliament meet in the autumn merely to listen to speculations as to the constitution and functions of Grand Committees would be justly resented as a piece of wanton tyranny, and would probably not be contemplated.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE FARMERS' DEPUTATION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. GLADSTONE's statements generally admit of conflicting interpretations, assiduous students of his rhetorical method have learned to conjecture with approximate accuracy the opinions which his language, perhaps unintentionally, conceals. His answer to the deputation from the Scotch Farmers' Alliance indicated a general sympathy with proposals for conferring benefits on tenants at the expense of their landlords; but it cannot be said that the Government is pledged to any definite course of action, beyond the impending separation of taxation from representation under the future County Government Bill. Yet the declaration that the most urgent need of legislation relates to the tenure of occupiers is significant, if not alarming. Mr. GLADSTONE himself was startled by the demand of exemption from all rates imposed during the continuance of a tenancy. It is certainly a novel proposal that an agreement by a tenant to pay all rates should be made absolutely void. The deputation had suggested the transfer of future taxation from themselves to the landlords, as an accompaniment of any scheme for giving occupiers the absolute disposal of the local revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE also condemned, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, the practice of settlement and entail, in which the constituency of the deputation have the smallest possible interest. As their application assumed that agricultural improvements were, as a general rule, made by the tenant, Mr. BARCLAY and his friends were almost estopped from complaining that limited owners were prevented from expending capital on the land. The grievance which was once supposed to be inflicted on tenants by the custom of primogeniture is now little more than a survival. The chief English agitator for the spoliation of landowners has almost formally abandoned the denunciation of settlements, though he had until lately professed to regard restrictions on owners as a grave hardship to occupiers.

The deputation must have been surprised, and perhaps disappointed, by Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden and final digression into the controversy on Parliamentary procedure. One of his well-known peculiarities is a tendency to attach exaggerated importance to some question of the day. At one time Mr. GLADSTONE, being then in opposition, incessantly urged on the Government the necessity of abolishing the shilling duty on corn, which had never attracted his attention when he was in office. The theory that the approaching exhaustion of coal-mines rendered it neces-

sary to pay off the National Debt exercised a similar influence over his imagination for one or two Sessions. At present Mr. GLADSTONE has Procedure on the brain, so that he can think of nothing but the closing of debates, even when he is occupied with the supposed causes of agricultural distress. He explained to the Scotch farmers that immediate legislation, for which they had not seriously asked, was impossible in the present condition of Parliamentary business. He was partially consoled by the belief that the country was awaking to the necessity of a change in the Standing Orders of the House of Commons. Those who manipulate the Birmingham machinery have no difficulty in furnishing a favoured Minister with proofs that their followers approve of any measure in which he may for the moment be interested. The Liberal associations are always ready to pass identical resolutions at the dictation of their central managers. The ostensibly popular demand for a change of Parliamentary procedure is not incompatible with total ignorance of the rules and traditions of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE, who is better informed, actually attributes the block which is caused by his own mismanagement to the non-existence of a contrivance for shortening debates, which could not have been applied on any occasion during the current Session. No light was thrown on the question whether, if the Government had been at leisure, it would have proposed to Parliament some of the sweeping measures which are demanded for their own exclusive benefit by a considerable number of Scotch and English farmers. It is not a great misfortune that vicious and unjust legislation should be temporarily suspended.

Mr. BARCLAY, who introduced the deputation, professed a paradoxical fear that "the longer the necessary reforms were delayed, the greater the changes would be when 'they must come.'" It was, therefore, he said, in the interest of the landlords and of the community at large that the so-called reforms should be introduced without unnecessary delay. The landlords will be grateful for a consideration of their interests which could hardly be expected from their immediate enemy. If a traveller in the days of highwaymen gave up his watch and purse without resistance, there was no necessity for stronger measures. Mr. HAY, as the spokesman of the deputation, attributed the depression of agriculture to bad seasons, foreign competition, and "an unjust system of land-laws." It might have been thought that the two causes first mentioned were sufficient to account for the losses of farmers and the partial or total ruin of many landlords. The land-laws have not been changed since the time of agricultural prosperity, and they existed when Scotch farmers were in the habit of boasting of the excellence of their system of nineteen years' leases, and of contrasting the security which they enjoyed with the precarious tenure of English occupiers from year to year. It is certain that the leaseholder, who generally acquired his farm in the open market, received, until he was approaching the end of his term, full compensation for his outlay on the land. For the last year or two of his lease his interests might seem in some respects to conflict with those of the landlord; but the contingency had been contemplated by both parties when the bargain was made, and provisions for compensation for artificial manures and similar improvements might be introduced into the original agreement. The Scotch farmer never pretended to any tenant-right, which is the main object of the Farmers' Alliance. The land reverted to the owner after nineteen years, with full liberty to make the most of his property. It is now proposed, under a thin disguise, which is not even assumed by the English agitators, to confer, without payment or other compensation, a tenant-right on the outgoing leaseholder. It is evident that the associated farmers care nothing for entail or settlement. Few of them would be disposed to invest their money in land, however freely it might come into the market. It may be added that the agitation against entails has been to a great extent promoted by the advocates of peasant-proprietorship, which would supersede the large farmers represented in the deputation.

If Mr. GLADSTONE spoke but vaguely in his address to the deputation, he had virtually anticipated their demands only one day earlier. In his statement of last Tuesday on the state of business in the House of Commons, Mr. GLADSTONE suggested that all the Bills on agricultural tenure should be remitted to a newfangled body to be called a Grand Committee. The objections to the delegation of legislative power to a section of the House have often been

stated, though the plan is supported by respectable authority. In the present instance it is more material to remark that a Grand Committee would still be a Committee, charged with the duty of elaborating details when the House had already sanctioned the principle of a Bill. The acceptance of Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal would have so far sanctioned the predatory schemes of the Scotch and English associations as to place them on a level with the practical measures of Mr. CHAPLIN and Sir THOMAS ACLAND. It is not surprising that Mr. CHAPLIN at once declined to connect himself in any way with Mr. JAMES HOWARD's audacious instalment of legislative spoliation. As the Bills could not be referred to a Committee except at the instance of the promoters, the only importance of the suggestion consisted in the implied disclosure of Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion. There is unfortunately but too much reason to fear that every new advance in the direction of democracy, and even of communism, will be encouraged by the most impulsive and sentimental of Ministers. When a class which contains a large majority of his political opponents is threatened with hostile interference, Mr. GLADSTONE at once inclines to the cause of the assailants. The practical security which the tenant now obtains from the excess of supply of land over the demand is too commonplace an element in the question to interest a popular philanthropist. The partial or total failure of the Irish Land Bill only confirms Mr. GLADSTONE's faith in the questionable principles which it embodies. If he has disclaimed any purpose of applying the same legislation to England and Scotland, he reserves to himself the definition of identity. The fundamentally erroneous doctrine that the economic relations of different classes ought to be determined by Parliament has, since the passing of the Irish Land Bill, in some degree superseded the ancient doctrine that every man is the best judge of his own business. If there were no other objection to legislative interference with the management of property, the arbitrary partiality with which it is applied would furnish a sufficient reason against the projects of the Farmers' Alliance. If a part of the estates of landowners is to be taken away, there is no reason why it should be gratuitously bestowed on the tenants. Large farmers will perhaps find that their labourers, who will soon acquire political power, though they may approve of schemes of confiscation, will not be disposed to allot the whole profit to their employers.

THE AFFAIRS OF ZULULAND.

IT is never advisable to despair of the Republic. But no reader of the correspondence recently issued on the affairs of Zululand could be blamed for coming to the conclusion that, unless some extraordinary change takes place in the present methods and conditions of English government, nothing but disaster can be anticipated. In this particular quarter, it is true, no absolutely ruinous disaster is possible; but it is more pleasant than easy to believe that matters elsewhere are better managed. A total want of foresight; a tendency to huddle up difficulties by any expedient, however obviously temporary; an utter absence of ability to strike out a definite line of conduct, and of resolution to keep to it—these things, brought into more prominent relief by the anomalies of the system of responsible colonial government, appear on every page of this document. But this is not all. The greatest curse of modern England, the perpetual meddling of irresponsible societies and individuals in the business of State, has rarely been illustrated more remarkably than by this volume of some hundred pages, unless it be in the yet unpublished volume which deals with the other end of Africa. What Sir W. GREGORY and Mr. BLUNT have been to Egypt, that Lady FLORENCE DIXIE and Bishop COLENSO have been to Zululand—that, and much more also. The proceedings of these self-constituted go-betweens, as displayed in this Blue-book, are very nearly incredible, and would be quite incredible in subjects of any country but England. In themselves they may be of no very great importance. But their bearing on the actual war which has now broken out in Zululand is clear enough, and their bearing on the much larger question of national policy and safety is clearer still. No nation can by any possibility carry on its affairs prosperously when irresponsible meddlers of this kind are perpetually putting spokes in the wheels of government. Already the most serious

difficulty of government by party is the breach of continuity which it causes in foreign policy. But party leaders are under a certain ill-defined responsibility, not merely to public opinion, but to their own sense of their own future convenience; and it is only when they are as impulsive as Mr. GLADSTONE that this responsibility falls into abeyance. The amateur diplomats, the philanthropic meddlers, the wandering busybodies of these later days are responsible to nothing and to nobody. But, as they generally belong nominally to some political party or other, they carry with them an appearance of weight which deceives people abroad, if not people at home, and enables them to do an infinity of mischief.

For the details of the exploits of Lady FLORENCE DIXIE and Bishop COLENSO the Blue-book itself must be consulted. The general facts may, however, be briefly stated, and they are of such a character as to require hardly any comment. Dr. COLENSO acknowledges that he forwarded messages from CETEWAYO to chiefs in Zululand without the knowledge of the Government of Natal. He and his messengers differ as to the tenor of these messages, but it is acknowledged that they concerned political matters. Dr. COLENSO's ideas of the becoming differ in more points than one from those of the majority of his countrymen; but it might have been supposed that he would have perceived the enormous impropriety of his conduct under the circumstances, and the tendency that it must have to cause disorder. The disputed question of his connexion with the Zulu deputation sinks into comparative insignificance beside this furthering of clandestine correspondence between a deposed King—a prisoner of State—and the very persons from whom CETEWAYO's deposition, deportation, and confinement were intended to sever him. That the recent outbreak is a direct consequence of the fact of these communications, if not of their actual terms, cannot be doubted for a moment. As for Lady FLORENCE DIXIE's performances, every possible desire to deal leniently with a lady will not suffice to excuse her. The matter in her case is more complicated than in Dr. COLENSO's, and of somewhat less public importance. It comes, however, to this—that, in a well-known letter signed by CETEWAYO, and published by Lady FLORENCE, both in the *Morning Post* and in pamphlet form, she, by her own acknowledgment, interpolated a passage of some length, declaring the KING's want of confidence in his proposed interpreter and companion to England, Mr. HENRIQUEZ SHEPSTONE. Lady FLORENCE justifies this by saying that in another letter (which she now supposes to have been a forgery) such want of confidence (which is stoutly denied by the KING and his actual interpreter) was expressed. As Lady FLORENCE DIXIE, with an indifference to the importance of vouchers excusable in a lady, but awkward in a diplomatist, has burnt all her originals, it is impossible to settle the question of blame further than her own admission of interpolation goes, and that is a long way. How, it may be asked, is any country, even if its responsible functionaries display vigour and judgment, to have its business carried on when it permits interference of this sort on the part of ladies and clergymen and philanthropic societies, and all manner of heterocrite and heterogeneous entities responsible to nothing but their own dubious sense of the becoming, and their own not dubious faculty of judgment?

But the conduct of responsible functionaries in reference to Zululand is itself by no means of a character to counteract and render harmless these meddling machinations. From first to last, in the matter of CETEWAYO's visit to England, with which this Blue-book is chiefly concerned, neither Lord KIMBERLEY nor Sir HENRY BULWER (Sir HERCULES ROBINSON comes out of the matter better, and is, indeed, less intimately concerned in it) seems to have known his own mind. The very first axiom in dealing with savages is to be consistent in policy, and never to break a promise. The Government has vacillated unceasingly; and, if it has not broken its pledged word to CETEWAYO, it has conveyed to him and to his late subjects the impression of a breach. The judgment to be formed on this matter is quite independent of any that may be formed on the general policy of the visit. It has been pointed out before now that such a visit could not with propriety be permitted except as a preliminary to restoration, and that restoration is a very serious matter. But it was permitted, and in permitting it the Government committed themselves to a certain line of policy. They have now deserted that line, from no apparent reason except that Zululand is in anarchy. Zulu-

land, thanks to the artificial nature of its settlement in the first place, to the disgraceful Transvaal Convention in the second, and to the ceaseless meddling and mischief-making of philanthropic amateurs in the third, has been practically in anarchy for months. Unless Lord KIMBERLEY intends to practise a *coup de théâtre* by sending CETEWAYO across the Tugela, and exclaiming "Behold your King!" it is not clear how his retention in the neighbourhood of Cape Town will make the Zulus better pleased with JOHN DUNN, or will induce DABUKO (the insurgent leader, the chief of the deputation party, and the special object of Dr. COLENSO's patronage and messages) to lay down his arms. The COLONIAL SECRETARY is said by Lady FLORENCE DIXIE to have observed to her that expediency had greater claims on the Government than justice—an impeachment which Lord KIMBERLEY, doubtless with the fear of Mr. GLADSTONE before his eyes, refuses to acknowledge. But it is impossible to discern in the general conduct of the Colonial Office towards Zululand any attention to either of these abstractions. Whether the present settlement in the country could in any case be long maintained may be a question; whether it could be maintained by constant indecision, by neglect to maintain the authority of the British Resident, by indifference to the beginnings of disorder, and by behaviour in reference to neighbours which was certain to be taken by the natives as evidence of weakness, can be no question at all. At present Zululand is in a blaze, and it is Lord KIMBERLEY's business to put it out; but how it can be put out in any manner that will be proof against the indifference of the Home Government, the self-will and party spirit of the colonists, and the interminable meddling of outsiders, is a problem which might puzzle a much more gifted statesman than the present respectable occupant of the Colonial Office.

CONSERVATISM IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

If an English observer were asked what most surprises him in French politics, he would be in no doubt as to his answer. The exhibitions now so frequent of Radical extravagance, and the weakness of a succession of Ministries whose one idea of policy is to practise submission and call it resistance, are nothing more than experience would have led him to look for. Jacobins and Girondins are familiar figures on the French historical stage. What he must think really strange is the attitude of the French Conservatives. They have had warnings enough of what comes of indifference alike to the principles in which they profess to believe and the interests which they certainly value; but they seem utterly unable to read the meaning these warnings convey. There have been times when what has been demanded of them has been some show of political wisdom, and that they have been wanting to such a need as this may be owing to intellectual deficiencies for which they are not directly responsible. But what is asked of them now is simply industry and determination. They are not called upon to be intelligent so much as to be active. In the earlier years of the Third Republic the true policy of the Conservatives was to strengthen the hand of the moderate Republicans, and to dissociate themselves from monarchical intrigues. But to pursue this policy required a clearer vision of the political future than Providence had vouchsafed to them. They went their own way and shipwrecked their best chances on the rocks of Frohsdorf. For some time back the temptation to go wrong in this way has been mercifully withdrawn from them. They have not been led to choose candidates who were certain to gain none but monarchical votes, because the candidates who might secure a Conservative majority could not be trusted to plot for a restoration. The issues raised at recent elections have been not dynastic but social. The choice submitted to the voters has lain between France as it is, and France as the political heirs of the Mountain would like to make it. With such alternatives as these in view the Conservatives had, as it might have been thought, the game in their hands. Even the Radicals themselves do not believe that the country is with them; what they look to is not co-operation but apathy—and apathy, at least, the Conservatives might have taught them not to count upon. But from the time that the hope of upsetting the Republic disappeared, the Conservatives seem to have become indifferent to every other consideration. In districts where they are strong they return representatives to their liking, and when returned these representa-

tives are active enough in the Chamber of Deputies or in the Senate. But it is not enough to content themselves with returning representatives in districts where they are strong. The true field for their activity is a district in which there is a large body of electors who are Conservative by instinct without being Conservatives by name. To convince these electors that their interests are threatened by the measures which the Radicals are striving to carry, and that if they want these interests protected they must leave nothing undone to secure the return of candidates who are pledged to oppose these measures, is the one means by which a Conservative victory can be won. In order to bring the busy and non-political section of a constituency to vote, which it does not much like, and to vote against the Government, which it likes still less, the party which sets the example must show itself thoroughly in earnest. Before it can hope to bring outsiders to the poll it must take care that not a voter in its own ranks stays away. It must be always ready with a candidate, no matter how hopeless the contest may seem, and it must work with as much zeal when it is fighting a losing battle as when victory is plainly within reach. Enthusiasm of this kind is infectious. Men who will not vote by themselves will vote when they can do it in the company of their neighbours. The interest which the questions upon which an election turns might fail to excite is excited by the local passions which grow out of the election. The consciousness of preparation and good discipline does not only inspire those who feel it; it tempts those who see its effects in others to try whether it will not have similar effects on themselves.

A striking proof of what can be done by zeal and organization has just been afforded by the Belgian elections. The Catholic party have been defeated, but they came very near to scoring a victory. The Liberal majority, both in the Senate and in the Chamber of Deputies, has, it is true, been slightly increased; but the transfer of a very few votes from one party to the other would not merely have left matters as they were, but given the Catholics an absolute majority. At Ghent, which returns four Senators and eight Deputies, the Liberal candidates had a majority of only 50 votes. At Verviers, which returns two Senators and four Deputies, they had a majority of 100. At Antwerp, where some new seats had to be filled up, the Liberal majority was again 50. This close approach to success is due in a great degree to the energy lately displayed by the Opposition. In every constituency they have polled a heavier vote than at the last election. At Ghent, in 1878, they were 500 behind the Liberals. At Bruges, in 1880, they were not able to carry their entire list, whereas this year they have carried it by a majority of 200. Such figures as these go far to draw the sting from defeat. They show that the efforts which have this time reduced the Liberal majority may next time destroy it. The Catholics have only to persevere on the same lines that they have followed for the last four years, and they may hope at the next election to see their leaders in office. But it is only by working steadily when the prospect was less good than it is now that the rewards of future work have been brought so near. Never to accept defeat as final, or trust to anything but their own determination to convert it into victory, has been the principle to which the Belgian Catholics have trusted, and it has fully justified their confidence.

What is there to prevent the French Conservatives from following their neighbours' example? In one conspicuous feature their position is better than that of the Opposition in Belgium. The latter has hitherto had very little to appeal to except religious feeling. The questions in dispute between the Liberals and the Catholics have related almost exclusively to education, and nowadays no subject is so certain to excite theological controversy. The French Opposition is far more favourably placed in this respect. Education and religion form a large part of the field over which the fight rages, but they by no means comprise the whole of it. The Conservatives can point to the Paris Municipality, which is again putting forth pretensions scarcely distinguishable from those which led to the Commune; to proposed legislation with regard to corporate property which can only be defended, and, indeed, is defended, upon principles which are equally hostile to private property; to actual votes of the Chamber of Deputies by which the only real security for judicial independence has been attacked. Men who can invoke such arguments as these have an immense advantage over those who can appeal to nothing more material than a parent's desire to see his children taught the religion in

which he himself believes. In the future, indeed, it seems not impossible that the Belgian Catholics will share this advantage with the French. The recent Liberal victory has, on the whole, been a victory for the advanced section of the party, and something may soon be heard even in Belgium of the fanatical theories which make the stock-in-trade of a large proportion of Republican politicians in France. But as yet the French Conservatives have had in their hands an instrument which the Belgian Conservatives have been wholly without, and it is all the more to their discredit that they have shown themselves so unable to wield it. France has infinitely more need of a Conservative Opposition than Belgium. The Advanced Left is far stronger in the Legislature, exercises much greater influence upon the Government, and determines the tone and purport of a far larger number of measures. Yet in France each successive election finds the number of abstentions greater, and the apparent indifference to what becomes of the country more profound. Nothing that the Legislature does or proposes to do seems to have any effect upon the Conservative voters, except that of keeping them at home when they ought to be at the poll. In part, no doubt, this singular state of things is due to the unacknowledged schism that exists between the Conservative leaders and what ought to be, but is not, the Conservative rank and file. The latter are Republicans, in the sense that they do not dislike the Republican form of government, and do not believe that it has any necessary connexion with Radicalism. The former are at heart Royalists, and they rejoice in every fresh testimony to the truth of their conviction that the essentials of good government can only be had in combination with the monarchical form. From this fatal source of discord the Belgian Conservatives are, happily for themselves, free.

MR. TREVELYAN'S GLOSSES.

THE effect of evil communications appears to be more rapid and certain in Governments than in any other form of human society. Mr. TREVELYAN has been Mr. GLADSTONE's colleague but a short time, and in but a subordinate position, yet he is already a proficient in non-natural interpretations. Lord COWPER has ceased to be Mr. GLADSTONE's colleague at all, but he retains the PRIME MINISTER's faculty of disbelieving the inconvenient. The House of Commons was politely undemonstrative when the CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND explained that, in calling Irish landlords "cruel," he had meant that they were cruel to the Government; but it is almost surprising that no one rose to request a gloss on the word "unpatriotic." The landlord who displays his cruelty by harassing the Government probably exhibits his want of patriotism by running counter to the wishes of the Liberal party. But Mr. TREVELYAN should in future be more particular in his use of ethical terms, which are not likely to be understood from his own peculiar and somewhat limited point of view. As for Lord COWPER, the published correspondence between him and Mr. STAPLES leaves the late Viceroy as confident in his own impressions against evidence as if he were Mr. GLADSTONE himself. We have the positive evidence of Mr. STAPLES—a man, by Lord COWPER's testimony, of honour and responsibility—that the late Mr. BURKE said certain things. We have evidence equally positive that he said similar things to two other persons, neither of whom Lord COWPER can afford to disbelieve. But the late Viceroy's attitude is even as though he were the PRIME MINISTER talking about the Kilmainham Treaty, or Lord GRANVILLE denying that the British fleet is helplessly at anchor. The only saving particular about Lord COWPER is that he is careful to distinguish his statement of his individual conviction from a statement of fact, a distinction of which his late colleagues are not careful. But otherwise he is quite at one with them. The facts prove something; so much the worse for the facts. It is really desirable that some political psychologist should take all these politicians in hand, and explain, consistently with the principles of science, the extraordinary diathesis of their minds. There was a time, certainly, when it was English not to know when you were beaten; but in the face of Majuba this condition can hardly be predicated of the present Government. Their condition would seem to be rather a very comfortable ignorance of when they have stated the thing that is not.

The discovery of arms at Clerkenwell, and the attempts of DAVITT to divert the support of the Irish Americans from the programme of the Land League to the new communism of Mr. GEORGE, attracted, and perhaps deserved, more notice during the earlier part of the present week than the progress of the Prevention of Crime Bill. It is not probable that the "nationalization of the land" scheme will attract much support in America. Most people in that country are making, have made, or hope to make, more or less of a fortune; and they are sufficiently aware that communism in any form is inimical to the fortunes of private persons. The arsenal discovered in the possession of the man WALSH was, as usual, exaggerated at first in respect of extent, formidableness, and value; and its detection does not appear to reflect the slightest credit on the police, who were simply fetched, as they might have been fetched to remove a drunken or abusive inmate. But, whether the arms found had ever been in Government possession or not, the matter has called attention, in a way that may be salutary, to the extreme folly of disposing of arms of precision at a nominal price. The sum obtained for the vast number of rifles sold by the War Office before Mr. LOWTHER's protest stopped the proceeding is hardly an appreciable item in the debtor and creditor accounts of the nation; it does not represent more than the income of an hour or two. For this paltry saving there is no doubt whatever that a grave danger has been incurred. The discovery may also be salutary if it has revived the attention of the authorities to the necessity of guarding London's most vulnerable points. At present, though the actual garrison of the capital is not perhaps insufficient, considering the force of Volunteers which would soon supplement it, it is far too much divided, and there is an absence of minor posts and guardhouses at important points such as reservoirs, gasworks, and the like. It is certain that in the Fenian outbreak of fifteen years ago there were plots on foot which, little as they could have benefited the plotters, might have caused horrible disorder and disaster if they had been actually at work, and what has happened may happen again.

The slow advance of the Prevention of Crime Bill has at length been enlivened by at least two important incidents, and light may be said to have been thrown on the causes of its slowness. The Procedure Resolutions have once more become prominent in the phantasmagoria of the PREMIER's mind. To some persons this fact may seem a reason for urging on the Bill. But this omits the consideration that the longer the Bill is delayed the greater is the apparent argument for Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite scheme of putting the House in the absolute power of Ministers so long as they retain the shadow of a majority. Even this explanation, however, germane as it is to the PRIME MINISTER's peculiar fashions of acting, may seem insufficient to account for the singular conduct of the Government in reference to the two incidents just mentioned—the concession on the Search clause and the acceptance of Mr. MORGAN LLOYD's amendment. They are not, it is satisfactory to know, ignorant of the gravity of events in Ireland. When an Irish Secretary, as Mr. TREVELYAN said on Wednesday, says with emphasis that the Irish Government regards the present situation with increasing and deep anxiety, argument is unnecessary to enforce his words. Yet the concession made by Mr. GLADSTONE in reference to night searches is hard to reconcile with this admitted state of mind on the part of the Irish Government, the head at least of which is a member of the English Cabinet. It is true that no one seems very clearly to understand what the concession amounts to. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pretty plainly repudiated the construction of Mr. GLADSTONE's words which Mr. GLADSTONE seems to accept; but Mr. TREVELYAN's final gloss comes nearer to the Irish interpretation of Mr. GLADSTONE than to the English, as the HOME SECRETARY's may be called. According to this gloss, the right of search, except in the single case of suspicion of the meeting of a secret society, is to be given up between sunset and sunrise, so that those persons whose proceedings the Irish Government regards with increasing and deep anxiety will have half the day to store and remove arms, to compose and arrange documents—in short, to do anything except formally meet as a secret society. That this amount of "law" should be allowed to noxious vermin is a curious piece of political sportsmanship. But Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude on Mr. MORGAN LLOYD's amendment was more remarkable still, though the upshot of it was

happier. This amendment removes what Mr. GLADSTONE himself describes as "an evident flaw" in the Bill, by extending the proposed revival of the Alien Acts to England as well as to Ireland. The advantage of this is obvious, not only because the existing facility of communication between the two islands would entirely defeat the clause as it stood, but also because there is clearly no reason why England and Scotland should be pestered with the presence of American ruffians when Ireland has been made too hot to hold them. Except the Irish members and their faithful tail of Radical crotchetters, members on both sides of the House expressed themselves in favour of the proposal; and at last Mr. GLADSTONE got up. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not exaggerate his praise of the first part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech. For once the PRIME MINISTER condescended to set aside verbiage, to speak straight to the point, and to marshal his arguments as he (and very few others with him) can do when he happens to have a good case and to be let alone by his familiar spirits of casuistry and crotchet. In sentence after sentence Mr. GLADSTONE demonstrated the excellence, and indeed the necessity, of the amendment, the Government's sense of its value, and their determination to give it their support. And then he wound up by saying that, these things being so, it would be best to postpone decision upon it for the indefinite period which may elapse before the bringing up of the Report, in order that the country might form an opinion. Fortunately the House was for once out of Mr. GLADSTONE's control; and as he was committed to the support of the amendment, if it were put to the vote, it was carried triumphantly. But the attitude of the Government towards a measure destined to deal with a state of things admitted to be one that causes great and increasing anxiety could hardly be better illustrated than by this elaborate demonstration of the merits of a given proposal ending in the suggestion that time should be allowed to the country to think about it.

COMMUNISM IN AMERICA.

THE *Times* of last Wednesday contained an interesting letter from an American correspondent on the progress of communistic and anarchical doctrines in the United States. The portion of the community which is interested in the security of life and property is in some degree responsible for the encouragement which it has afforded to revolutionary agitation directed in the first instance against English authority in Ireland. Toleration of extravagant language, as long as it is not accompanied by violent acts, has always been an American characteristic. There was perhaps little danger in any attacks which might be allowed on the political institutions of the Republic; and incitements to rebellion in Ireland were regarded with a kind of complacent indifference. The existence in a foreign country of large landed estates appeared to ill-informed observers accustomed to different economic conditions an anomaly and an injustice. In the greater part of the United States rural occupiers are also freeholders, and they are numerous enough to maintain a kind of property which in its subdivided state offers little temptation to predatory demagogues. The Irish demand of "the land for the people" is heard with credulous sympathy, not only by the rabble of the towns, but by farmers who have no experience of rent. As on the Continent of Europe, the cupidity of American communists is mainly excited by other forms of ownership. English Radicals at Birmingham and elsewhere exult in the spoliation of landlords, not remembering that those among themselves who have something to lose will assuredly be the next victims. The capitalist is almost more easily plundered than the landlord; and nicknames such as "profit-hounds" designate the employer as the object at the same time of robbery and of vengeance. DAVITT lately declared that Irish landlords, however honestly they may have come by their estates, were not entitled even to payment of their fare from Kingstown to Holyhead, when they are driven from their homes and country. The Socialist press of America is not more liberal in its proposed treatment of manufacturers, traders, or owners of accumulated property. Under the tuition of their Irish instructors, the agitators also advocate assassination as a legitimate means of warfare against the supposed oppressors of the labouring multitude. For the present, American society is probably

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too sound to be seriously endangered; but the strikes of workmen at Pittsburg and elsewhere are probably in some degree instigated by the extreme communistic faction.

It had not been generally known in England that the *Irish World*, which is the well-known organ both of the Fenians and the Land Leaguers, bears the supplementary title of the *American Industrial Liberator*. It is interesting to learn that subversive designs against social order in America are identified in origin as in spirit with the shameless warfare which has long been waged against property and liberty in Ireland. In the sanguine temper which is usually assumed by anarchical projectors, the writers of the *Irish World* affect to believe that their victory is already approaching to completion. "All strikes of landlords, profit-mongers, and their abettors are now 'too late.' " "All strikes are converging to one great 'strike of the masses for the land and other prime natural 'opportunities.'" Natural opportunities are equivalent to moveable property of all kinds, which is not yet publicly threatened in England. The profligate language of the Roman Catholic Bishop of MEATH, though it is quoted with approval in the *Irish World*, is for the present confined to land. The communistic prelate might perhaps object to the confiscation even of his own moderate ecclesiastical income. When Mr. BRIGHT publicly exulted over the spectacle of "land-lords running for their lives," he failed to remember that fugitive capitalists would be not less suitable objects of ridicule. To Englishmen who are accustomed to denunciation of all their national institutions there is something amusing and almost consoling in the announcement that an offshoot of Mr. GLADSTONE's poisonous plant has found its way to America. "The upas-tree of 'societary corruption overshadows and poisons' sacred documents such as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Societary corruption consists in the possession by any man of any article which his neighbour may covet. As the *Times*' Correspondent appropriately reminds his readers, an Irish member of Parliament expressed in a public speech his hope that the QUEEN would be murdered by some patriotic HAETMANN. Irish American writers propose the more vigorous measure of burning London by "pouring down fire on the British metropolis in the way 'of dynamite,' and slaying her Philistines. The massacre of four millions of persons on the vague charge of Philistinism might perhaps disturb the popular equanimity which is proof against distant insults and outrages in Egypt or elsewhere.

The territorial democracy, to use Lord BEACONSFIELD's slightly exaggerated phrase, has perhaps little to fear at present from the clamorous representatives of communism. The majority of the American population has property of its own, and it is not ordinarily brought into contact with the possessors of enormous wealth. The railway presidents and successful speculators who have amassed fortunes equal to those of English dukes are prevented by public opinion from making too ostentatious a display of riches which are not of a visible or tangible nature. The communists have not yet worked out in detail the mode of dividing among the whole population property invested in shares, in national or corporate funds, and perhaps in foreign securities. Land Leaguers, on the other hand, are well acquainted with the estates which they covet; and the Irish landlords are, unfortunately for themselves, few in number, and consequently they have been robbed with impunity. The same numerical weakness encourages projects of legislative spoliation in Great Britain such as those of Mr. BARCLAY and Mr. HOWARD. It is impossible that Bills should be introduced for the purpose of transferring the title to the land in Massachusetts or New York. It is difficult to understand the methods by which the Communists hope to divide among themselves the plunder of American "profit-mongers." Their leaders have no hesitation in proposing to the "Irish garrisons" in English towns the employment of arson and murder. It is doubtful whether the cause would derive advantage from the destruction of Liverpool or Birmingham. Assuredly the Americans would resent the trial of such experiments in Boston or New York. As dynamite is not available as a weapon for the destruction of American society, it only remains to rely on agitation; and the time is distant at which the enemies of order and of property will control the Legislature even in a single State of the Union. In

Ireland, and even in England, the danger is greater; and it will be increased when reckless politicians have conferred the whole representative power on the class of the community which lives on weekly wages. Farmers and shopkeepers, as well as landowners, are about to be disfranchised, and it is not impossible that communistic doctrines may find favour with their future masters.

Politicians of a higher order than the anarchists of the *Irish World* have done serious mischief by the habitual substitution of sentiment for law and political economy. It is essential to the security of property that it should be accepted as an ultimate and unquestionable fact. As soon as philanthropists tamper with vested rights, the greater or less degree of interference becomes a subject of argument, or rather of opinion and fancy. The Irish Land Bill, which was originally excused as a violent remedy for exceptional evils, has been already converted by agitators into a precedent generally applicable. Modern writers on ethics, in their desire to justify their rejection of external sanctions, boldly assert that the rules of morality are as immutable as the nature in which they take their origin. They have not yet reconciled with their theory the popularity among certain classes of the exclusion from the Decalogue of prohibitions of robbery and murder. The freedom of the press, which allows of direct incitements to the most atrocious crimes, is largely responsible for the disturbance of moral convictions. As soon as the expediency of burning London and murdering the population is publicly discussed, the ignorant and malignant discover for the first time that there are two sides even to the distinction between right and wrong. It is true that the equal division of property to be effected, if necessary, by violent means is a more plausible proposal than the wholesale employment of unremunerative arson and murder; but demagogues and dupes who have emancipated themselves from all traditional belief in social institutions are also ready to recommend the perpetration of wanton and unprofitable crime. The most ferocious advocate of outrage and assassination in England and Ireland entitles his pamphlet "The Wrongs and Rights of Labour." From the demand of labourers for a transfer to themselves of the capital of their employers there are but few steps to the bloodthirsty doctrines of the writer.

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS ACTS.

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the working of the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings' Improvement Acts has at least the merit of making it plain why these Acts have been a failure in London. In the framing of them one very important consideration seems to have been entirely left out. If the authority by which they were to be put in force had been a benevolent despot with an overflowing treasury to draw upon, they would have answered their purpose well enough. But when for a benevolent despot we have the Metropolitan Board of Works, and for an overflowing treasury the contributions of ratepayers, many of whom are scarcely better off than the artisans and labourers for whose benefit they are taxed, they are found to answer their purpose extremely ill. The Metropolitan Board has already dealt with fourteen areas, covering about 42 acres of ground, and inhabited by 20,335 persons. The gross cost of purchase and clearance is £1,581,336*l.*, of which 95,000*l.* has gone to the formation of new streets, and must therefore be deducted from the cost as being for the benefit of the ratepayers at large, and not merely of the persons living in the cleared areas. Most of the land has been sold to the PEABODY trustees and others interested in providing the poor with better houses; and accommodation has been, or will be, provided for about 23,000 persons, being somewhat more than the number displaced. Up to this point, therefore, the object contemplated in Sir RICHARD CROSS's Acts has been attained. For 20,000 persons living in unwholesome houses there are 23,000 persons living in wholesome houses. But a very little reflection will show that, though the object of the Acts has thus been attained, it has been attained in an utterly inadequate degree. So far as any action on the part of the Metropolitan Board of Works is concerned, the condition of the London poor is worse in 1882 than it was in 1875. Far more than the 23,000 persons decently housed under Sir RICHARD CROSS's Acts

have been added to the working inhabitants of London during these seven years. Even if the work of the Metropolitan Board had kept pace with the growth of population, it would have been nothing to boast of. The hundreds of thousands who in 1875 were living in unhealthy dwellings in overcrowded areas would have been living in them still. But even the modest consolation of knowing that things have not grown worse is denied us. There are more fresh persons to be housed than there are new and healthy dwellings in which to house them.

Yet this paltry result has not been secured except by a very heavy outlay on the part of the ratepayers. The estimated amount to be realized by the sale of these forty-two acres for building is about 370,000*l.*, which, if the cost of new streets is left out of the account, leaves a net loss to the Metropolitan Board of 1,115,836*l.* Probably the loss is really greater than this, as some of the new streets will not be of much service to the ratepayers generally. Nobody suspected, when the Act of 1875 was under discussion, that the figures would work out in this way. The supposition was that, if it could answer the purpose of private landlords who thought only of the interest on their money to let rooms to twenty thousand people, still more must it answer the purpose of philanthropic landlords who were content with a moderate interest to let rooms to the same number. It was forgotten that under the provisions of the Act the houses had to be paid for twice over. In an ordinary case of house purchase the buyer gets the house which the seller parts with. But in this case the house which the seller parts with is bought only to be pulled down. When an area has been cleared the Metropolitan Board finds that what it has to sell is not what it bought, but only a very small portion of what is bought. In the areas already dealt with what it had to sell was only 30 per cent. of what it had been obliged to buy. The 70 per cent. of loss incurred is about equally divided into loss due to the obligation to sell the sites for the erection of labourers' dwellings, and not for ordinary building, and loss due to the difference between the price which the new landlords are willing to pay for the land and the compensation paid to the expropriated landlords. The first of these losses is unavoidable so long as the whole of the area cleared must be covered by houses designed for the same class of persons as those who have been displaced. Compared with other kinds of building, houses for the poor are not a profitable investment. In many of these areas, perhaps in all of them, when light and air have been let in, and new streets carried through them, the ground would fetch a good deal more if shops and warehouses could be built on it than it can possibly fetch when only workmen's dwellings can be built on it. As regards the propriety of maintaining this restriction, the Committee draw a distinction between London and other towns. In provincial towns the Committee think that, "from natural causes and the general process of building, equally convenient accommodation can be and is, generally speaking, provided" for the displaced artisans outside the specific areas cleared. They accordingly recommend that, except in special cases where the confirming authority shall otherwise order, the local authorities shall be relieved of the obligation to let the areas dealt with for the erection of dwellings for the poor. But in London, leaving out the City proper, the need for the rehousing of the displaced persons in or near the area from which they have been dislodged is very pressing. A great capital creates a kind of industry peculiar to itself, and one which is necessarily uncertain in its demands and in the times at which those demands come. A mason or a carpenter knows exactly what he has to do and within what hours he will have to do it. He goes forth to his work and to his labour until the evening. But a "handy man"—a man, that is, whose business it is to minister to the innumerable wants of a wealthy society at the moment at which these wants present themselves—is in different position. The regular workman has to be at the place where he is employed by a certain time in the morning, and to get home again when the day's work is over. Consequently, if trains or tram-cars can be provided for him at a cheap rate and at proper times, he may, so far as his work is concerned, live at Wandsworth or Hackney as well as in Marylebone or Westminster. It is not so with the waiter or the man who calls carriages. His occupation only begins in the evening; and, by the time that he gets away from work, the early trains are beginning to bring artisans into London. Among this class, too, the finding employment for

their children is an important matter, and the opportunities of doing this are very much more frequent in London itself than in the suburbs. There are other considerations—such as the nearness of the great evening food markets—which are of importance even to the skilled workman; and the conclusion of the Committee is that the obligation to provide accommodation for persons of the displaced class should be relaxed, but not abolished. "The accommodation to be required should vary from one-half "to two-thirds, as the confirming authority may think "fit."

The other half of the loss sustained by the Metropolitan Board is due to the difference between the sums paid to the owners of the destroyed houses and the sums which the owners of the new houses built on the same site find that they can pay for the land. Here, again, a certain amount of loss is inevitable. If the principle embodied in the Acts known as "TORRENS's Acts" had been applied earlier and with more vigour, many of the houses which now have to be bought under Sir RICHARD CROSS's Acts would have been made wholesome at the owner's expense. As it is, the owners of houses unfit for human habitation have too often been allowed to go on letting them, and they have in consequence set up a claim to the value of the houses, as well as of the land, when they have been compelled to sell to the Metropolitan Board. One of the arbitrators under the Act of 1875 told the Committee that when a house is in a dilapidated condition, and not worth repairing, he gives the owner the value of the land and the materials, and nothing more; and, according to another arbitrator, even the value of the land ought to be taken as subject to the evil surroundings in which it is placed before clearance. The Committee approve of both these principles, and are of opinion that they should guide all future arbitrations. As it is probable, looking to the amounts already paid in compensation, that these principles have not guided all past arbitrations, this recommendation ought to be specially included in the amending Act. That such an Act can be passed in the present Session is hard to believe; but, if it were at once carried in the Lords, it could be kept in reserve, in the hope that some unlooked-for chance might, after all, present itself for getting it through the House of Commons.

IMITATION CHEESE.

THE lowest depth, it seems, has not yet been reached in the matter of cheese, or, more accurately, it is only now on the point of being reached. Those who have made acquaintance with the cheaper form of cheeses hitherto sold in this country may be disposed to think that worse food of the kind can scarcely be found. Nor indeed, in view of the statements of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE and the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, would it be safe to say that worse food has been found. But undoubtedly food has been found against which there is a greater antecedent prejudice. The commonplace conception of cheese is that it is made of milk, and whatever may be the virtues of oleomargarine, it is understood to be altogether unconnected with the cow. It seems possible, however, that in oleomargarine is to be seen the cheese of the future, and it is perhaps incumbent on us to try to believe that oleomargarine is not so black as it has sometimes been painted. The question made its first appearance in the House of Commons nearly a fortnight ago. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was then asked whether his attention had been called to the composition of certain cheeses lately imported from America, and whether he would take steps to insure that they should be entered and sold under their proper designation and not as "whole milk" cheeses. It appeared that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's attention had been called to this new article of food, but that, as the import and export statistics do not at present make any distinction between this cheese and ordinary cheeses, he could say nothing as to the amount of it there might be in the market. He proposed to refer the question of providing for a distinct classification to a departmental committee—supposing the penalty of 2*l.*, now imposed on any person selling any article of food not of the description asked for by the purchaser without disclosing the fact, not to be sufficient for the public protection. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thought it well to say a good word even for imitation cheese. He quoted the opinion of Lord VERNON to the

effect that the Royal Agricultural Society ought to be very careful before asking the Board of Trade to interfere with the sale of oleomargarine cheeses, and hinted that it was very doubtful whether the British farmer, instead of quarrelling with the new kind of food, should not set to work to produce it. One of the great obstacles, it seems, to butter-making on a large scale is the difficulty of getting rid of the skim-milk; and, by the help of oleomargarine, this difficulty may be got over. Skim-milk alone will not make cheese, at all events not nourishing cheese; skim-milk and oleomargarine will.

It seems that in his desire to make a neatly-rounded answer, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not been very careful as to the accuracy of his version of Lord VERNON's remarks. The impression left by his reply is that Lord VERNON, as representing the Royal Agricultural Society, was not at all sure that it would not be well to say nothing about oleomargarine cheeses, but allow them to be sold as whole milk cheeses, if the seller was willing to run the risk of incurring a penalty. The farmer, in fact, was to deal with oleomargarine much as the butcher is supposed to deal with American beef—produce or buy it in one character, and sell it in another. It turns out, however, that Lord VERNON said nothing of the kind. In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. JENKINS, the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, points out that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has mixed up two different things. The warning against haste in invoking the interference of the Board of Trade had been given, though not by Lord VERNON; but this warning was only meant to apply to the interval while the chemist of the Society was preparing his report on the samples of oleomargarine cheese which had been submitted to him. All, in fact, that the President of the Society had intended to say was that, before going to the Board of Trade, the Society should know exactly what it was that it was going about. When this report was presented, the Society, on the motion of Lord VERNON, wrote to the Board of Trade, urging that steps should be taken to ensure that these descriptions of so-called cheese should be sold under their proper designations; and in this letter was enclosed a copy of Dr. VOELCKER's report. As nearly as possible, therefore, the Royal Agricultural Society did the exact opposite of what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN represented them as doing. They did not deprecate further interference on the part of the Board of Trade; on the contrary, they expressly asked for it.

As regards the intrinsic merits of the new compound there seems to be some difference of opinion. Mr. JENKINS says that the oleomargarine cheese is an excellent imitation of American Cheddar, that competent judges have informed him that, if they had not been told what it was, they could not have distinguished it from American cheese, and that it is worth from 8d. to 9d. per lb. Dr. VOELCKER says that oleomargarine cheese is wholesome and nutritive, and that in its appearance and general properties it is indistinguishable from ordinary cheese. Most people would be inclined to accept the Secretary and Chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society as very competent authorities in the matter of cheese. To a certain Mr. BOWLES, however, they seem but very poor judges indeed. "What I have to say on this subject," he remarks with distressing bluntness, "is that Mr. JENKINS and his friends and experts know nothing at all about cheese." Mr. BOWLES himself, as he thinks, does know something about cheese, and as he imports cheese very largely it is to be hoped for his own sake that his knowledge of the article is coextensive with his dealings in it. It turns out, however, that even Mr. BOWLES is not altogether opposed to the use of oleomargarine in cheese. The addition of a little of it would, he admits, make a skim-milk cheese more nutritious, but then it must be pure. Even in oleomargarine there are counterfeits—stuff which, though it borrows the name of oleomargarine, borrows nothing else. When, therefore, Mr. BOWLES's letter comes to be compared with that of Mr. JENKINS, there seems to be no real contradiction between them. The oleomargarine cheese sent to Mr. JENKINS was pure; indeed, the man who would send over an adulterated sample for analysis by an English scientific Society is not likely to be found in the United States. Mr. JENKINS, however, was not content to leave the public to find out for themselves that he and Mr. BOWLES had been thinking and writing of different things. He gives the name of one of the experts whom he had consulted, and it turns out that he is Mr. BOWLES's own agent in Canada. Clearly, therefore, Mr. BOWLES must admit that

one, at all events, of Mr. JENKINS's experts knows something about cheese, or else he must be at the trouble of changing his Canadian agent. Mr. JENKINS does not contend that all oleomargarine cheese is as good as the sample sent to him; all he maintains is that, when it is as good as this, it is very fair cheese. From the point of view of the eaters of cheese there are two things which seem important. One is that they should be able in all cases to distinguish between oleomargarine and other cheeses. Imitation cheese may be in all respects as good as the real thing; but for a long time to come a prejudice will exist in favour of the latter, and those who cherish this prejudice have a fair claim to be protected against the sale of oleomargarine under the name of American Cheddar. If a cheese frankly owns that it is a copy, and not an original, there can be no reason for interfering with the sale; but this condition ought strictly to be enforced. The second caution is that, considering what oleomargarine is, it will be very desirable for the buyers of imitation cheese to know what makers can be depended on for using it pure. With proper arrangements for its analysis in this country, the interest of the large American firms might be safely trusted not to allow their goods to fall below the standard at which they started.

SALADIN IN CAIRO.

THE modern traveller, approaching Cairo in the short twilight of a winter evening, first catches sight of the citadel, the dome of its great mosque still perhaps pink with the last rays of sunset. But the darkness and fuss of the railway station, the rough road over which he drives to his hotel, the sparse distribution of gas lamps, do not allow his first impressions to take any distinct form; and it is not until, on the following day, he has penetrated to the old parts of the city that he has anything to remind him that he is in the capital of Saladin. When, some seven centuries ago, Saladin himself first came to Cairo, he approached it by one of the northern gates, and the newly-built mosque of the mad Khalif Hakeem was perhaps the most imposing building he saw. The citadel was still unbuilt, although the rock on which it stands dominated the city. To the eye of a born soldier there was evidently something amiss here. One of his first cares was to fortify the commanding eminence. A soldier nearly as great perceived that Saladin's citadel was itself commanded by a still more lofty rock; and a little fort, built by Mohammed Ali on the Mokattam Hill, and armed with cannon, superseded all the elaborate system of wall and tower, scarp and counterscarp, tunnel and gallery, which had made Saladin's fort almost impregnable in his day and long after. Many of the old features still remain untouched, though to build his great mosque Mohammed Ali destroyed the Hall of Columns which was the chief chamber of Saladin's palace in his castle. The Mosque of Nasr is a barrack, and the defences on the city side are new and armed with cannon; but the deep well—Joseph's Well, as the dragomans call it—the very Gothic-looking round towers, the vaulted gateways, and the machicolated battlements show that a hundred years after William the Conqueror built the Tower of London, and a hundred years before Edward I. built Conway, the most picturesque features of our Pointed style were well known in the East. Recent researches, indeed, would rob us even of the credit of inventing that most characteristic of our western mediæval institutions, the coat-of-arms. Mr. Edward Rogers, of Cairo, in the course of last season, read a paper before the local antiquarian society in which he enumerated the chief heraldic devices of the Ayyoubite and Mameluke Sultans of Egypt. When in future we read the crusading novels of Scott, we must transfer the shields he blazons from the Christian knights to their opponents. The Imperial eagle was carved on the walls of his citadel by Saladin long before it was assumed by the German Kaisers. A lion, as like as possible to the lion which Richard I. put on his great seal, is carved on either side of the entrance of an old garden attached to the palace of Al Muizz, of which we spoke last week; and Mr. Rogers assigns it to a Mameluke king. The very shape of Richard's shield—long, pointed, and rounded at the top—is that of the stone shields carved over the north-eastern gate of Cairo, which was built by Jauhar, when he brought the Khalif from Cairoan.

Saladin's career needs no help from fiction to make it romantic. Himself the son of Ayyub, or Eyoob, a Kurdish chief, he early became attached to the service of his uncle Asad, usually called Shirkuh, who commanded the army of Nooreddin, King of Aleppo, a strong upholder of the Abbasside Khalifs. Salah-ad-Dien Yusuf, the son of Eyoob, was still very young when two viziers of Egypt, the Ministers of the Fatimite Khalif, residing at Cairo, quarrelled, and one of them succeeded in banishing the other. The exiled Shawer betook himself and his tale of woe to Aleppo, and Nooreddin offered him the help of Shirkuh and his Kurds to regain his power. But Shawer soon quarrelled with the wild mercenaries, and made an unholy alliance against them with Amaury, or Amalrich, the crusader King of Jerusalem. Shirkuh, with the help of his nephew, defeated them both; and taking Cairo, promptly put the perfidious Shawer to death, and annexed Egypt to the possessions of his

master Nooredin. The Fatimite Khalif, a mere puppet, conferred on him a robe of honour, and gave him the title of Malik al Mansoor, or Victorious King. He was thus in a strange position, serving not one, or two, but three masters—namely, Nooredin of Aleppo and both the rival Khalifs. His servitude sat lightly upon him, however, and on his nephew, and did not hinder them from establishing their power in Egypt without much reference to any will but their own, and with, probably, little time to make a choice between the Shia and Sunnee doctrines, or the Abbasside and Fatimite Khalifs. The central fact in Saladin's life seems to have been the high average mortality of his opponents, and indeed of all who stood in the way of his advancement. They always died when they ought to die, just as people do in novels. Yet, with a very few exceptions which go to prove the rule, he did not murder his rivals, or, if he did, managed to conceal the crime so adroitly that his reputation escaped unhurt. Shawer's death was the almost natural consequence of his manifold treacheries. But Shirkuh only lived long enough to secure his nephew a firm hold upon Egypt, and the title of Malik al Naar—which means nearly the same as Malik al Mansoor—from the Fatimite Khalif in his palace or state prison. Nooredin sent word to Saladin from Aleppo that he must not receive these favours from a heretic, and ordered him to proclaim the orthodox Sunnite Khalif. Saladin desired the preachers in the Cairene mosques to omit the name of the Fatimite Khalif from their prayers, and to replace it with that of the Sunnite Commander of the Faithful. They obeyed, and Al Aadad, buried in the recesses of his palace, knew nothing about it. What he might have said, and what believers in his sanctity might have done, we know not, because of course he died just at the proper conjuncture. Saladin's life after this was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Nooredin died just when he might have become troublesome; so did Nooredin's little boy; but here, it is to be feared, Saladin did not wait for the interference of Providence. King of Egypt, and of Syria all but Palestine, Saladin turned his attention next to the Crusaders and their little kingdom, for which see *The Talisman* passion, and taught them chivalrous behaviour and heraldry. After the fatal field of Hattin Jerusalem itself fell into his hands. This was the culminating point in his life; and he died himself in 1193, having exercised undisputed power for five years. His family quarrelled among themselves; his own descendants were dethroned, and those of his brother form the Eyoobite dynasty of Egyptian sovereigns which reigned with varying fortunes for eighty years, one of the last being another Saleh, whose army, when he himself was dying or dead, took St. Louis prisoner at Damietta.

There must have been something very powerful in the individuality of Saladin. He and Mohammed Ali are the two rulers of Egypt of whom the people most often speak, and to whom they habitually attribute all great public works. Even the magnificent system of inland irrigation in Upper Egypt, which is perhaps five thousand years old, is called the Bahr Yussuf, Saladin's river. The long line of the aqueduct which forms so prominent a feature in the view from the citadel of Cairo is ascribed to him. Above all, they thank him for the orthodoxy which since his time has prevailed in Egypt. The Shia heresy exists only among the Persian schismatics who come to Cairo on business, and perform strange and barbarous ceremonies annually in honour of Hassan and Husseyen. Among other great works thus assigned to Saladin are the old city gates; but Mr. Kay, whose paper on the subject we have already had occasion to quote from more than once, has lately been at the trouble of deciphering the inscriptions in the old Cufic character which remain upon them. Cufic stands to Arabic much as Black-letter stands to modern type, but it is very difficult to translate on account of the absence of diacritical points. Yet Mr. Kay has made them out, and made out, moreover, that they record the building of the gates by Badr al Jamali in 1087. But the strangest thing is to find that on the great north-eastern gate, the Bab en Nasr, the Shia confession of faith is still inscribed, having probably been suffered to remain unmolested by Saladin and his orthodox successors, owing to the difficulty of decipherment. This confession consists of a declaration that Ali is the exclusive *waly*, or favourite of Allah; and a sacred formula, which the orthodox only use for Mohammed, is applied to the usurping race of the Fatimites. Though it is evident, therefore, that Saladin did not build these ancient gates, which are in fact the gates of the palace of Al Muizz and his successors in the Khalifate, he did build the great wall which is still in places to be seen, often covered by modern houses, or heaped-up rubbish, and which took in all the suburbs that had grown round the palace and its mosques. They were commenced in 1170, while Egypt was still under the nominal rule of the last Fatimite Khalif, Al Aadad. The work was carried on after the Khalif's death by Saladin's minister, who placed the present citadel in its commanding situation, and completed much of what we still see. The eastern walls of the city were prolonged southward, so as to connect the quarter round the palace with the citadel, and so we have the southern gate, the Bab Zuwaylah, in the middle of the town. The true gate in this direction is that which opens on the ruins of "Old Cairo," and is called after the Lady Zenobia, "al Sitteh Zeynab," a granddaughter of Mohammed, who is said to be buried in a neighbouring mosque. The name is still common among Egyptian women, who little know that, in commemorating their patron saint, they also commemorate a Queen of Egypt. From this point the walls were to have been continued in such a way as to include the ancient city, but the design was frustrated by the death of its great author. The walls

are best seen at the north-eastern corner, where a bastion or tower of very curious construction still stands. The traveller who prefers ancient Egyptian to Arab art examines every stone for hieroglyphics. These walls and the citadel and many another building of Cairo were in part constructed of the materials which had accumulated on the site of Memphis. It was easier to pull down buildings which had convenient canals close by, and whose stones could be floated across during the inundation, than to quarry in the rocky hill on the landward side; and the wonder is not that the pyramids are so greatly dilapidated, as that any of them remain. Yet on the inner face of the Bab en Nasr itself, high up over the archway, a sharp eye can detect hieroglyphs of the most ancient character, and part of a frieze of figures carved in the style of the pyramid-builders.

POLITICAL MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A CERTAIN North-country gentleman is spoken of in Richardson's notes on Milton as "a great reader, but not in a right train, coming to town seldom and seeing little company." The industrious Malone about a century ago identified this person with one Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of Cumberland, Bart. Whether the present Sir Wilfrid is a great reader or not we cannot undertake to say; but he certainly does not resemble his predecessor and namesake in coming to town seldom or in seeing little company. Whether, however, the ingenious expression "not in a right train" might not suit the two Sir Wilfrids equally is another question. The meditative reader is certainly reminded of it when he is informed that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking at a public meeting on Tuesday, remarked that "the educated classes were always utterly and entirely wrong on any great political question." We have heard something like this before, and it is indeed at the bottom of the present programme of what is pleased to call itself the Liberal party. But it is not within our remembrance that the principle has been quite so neatly and ingeniously stated before. For it is not, look you, the upper classes or the privileged classes, or any other of the well-known old Turk's heads that Radical orators delight to belabour. No; it is "the educated classes." Therefore Sir Wilfrid Lawson, a man possibly of great reading, certainly of much company and many visits to town, but we fear hereditarily "not in a right train," says in effect that every man who knows anything about a subject is always utterly and entirely wrong about it. "Hurrah for ignorance!" cries Sir Wilfrid; "down with education! Where be these naughty fellows that talk of a noun and a verb?" For birds of a feather flock together, and your demagogue is very much the same sort of person whether he lives in the fifteenth century or in the nineteenth, or indeed in any other of the world's history. This remarkable parallel, however, between the various conditions of aberration which seem to be the lot of the Lawsons is not the particular point which it seems pleasant and profitable to consider at this moment. It only leads up to that point. Sir Wilfrid's grand generalization on the effect of education in destroying political competency has been, it appears, forced from him by the present state of affairs in Egypt. Whether he will introduce a new local option scheme for enabling any neighbourhood to keep the accursed thing education out of its precincts, and so preserve its political judgment unimpaired, we cannot undertake to say. He seems at present to speak with a view to Egypt only. Now we could understand a hasty generalizer coming to some such conclusion as Sir Wilfrid's from a consideration of the affairs of Egypt. As thus:—Mr. Gladstone and the members of his Cabinet are educated people; Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet have made a hopeless mess of the Egyptian business; therefore, education unfit men for politics. It is true that there is here an illicit process; but the argument is quite as good as most Radical arguments, and the premises are much sounder than most Radical premises. But this is not at all Sir Wilfrid's view. He does not condemn the imbecility of the Government; he dreads their resuscitation. He wants the Government to retire; and he observes that it is hopeless to expect the educated classes to ask them to retire, because education is fatal to political judgment. The martial attitude of Ministers, the rough and ready fashion in which they have used, and are using, the power of England, terrify Sir Wilfrid. A new plague of Egypt has come upon him. He cannot get up in the morning without fearing to see that some brutal act has obscured the ineffable magnanimity of the Transvaal Convention, blotted out the glory of the scuttle from Candahar. If Sir Wilfrid is bereaved of these satisfactions, he is bereaved indeed; and it is natural that he should have got a little flurried. But to the incompetent educated man, who looks at things as they are, the wonder is, not so much that Sir Wilfrid should say mischievous or foolish things—that is nothing new—as that he should be in such a fright about the martial intentions of the Government. Where are they, those martial intentions? Let us get Diogenes's lantern and Master Alcofribas Nasier's pair of spectacles, and search diligently for them. For surely they must be somewhere, since they have alarmed Sir Wilfrid so terribly.

The excellent representative of the North-country gentleman who was not in a right train is, however, by no means alone in suffering from these distressing hallucinations. The spectacle of a British fleet allowing fortifications to be run up and guns to be mounted under its very bowsprits (if it had any); of ships of war sinking off to bury their massacred officers in secret, for

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fear of angering those who have massacred them; of the solemn proclamation that, if they begin to massacre again, something will really have to be done—these things have affected the Anti-Aggression League even as they have affected Sir Wilfrid. The Anti-Aggression League is in a condition which is wondrous pitiful; it has issued a circular imploring all good men and true to take the weapons out of the hands of these Rodomontes of Ministers; to bind them over to keep the peace; to abate their manly rage somehow or other. The particular plant whose juice Puck has squeezed on the eyes of Sir Wilfrid and the Anti-Aggression League we know not; but it is very odd that the delusion should have happened just on the eve of Midsummer. A cur with its tail between its legs looks to Sir Wilfrid like a ravening lion seeking whom it may devour; a bevy of fussy and frightened old women (we beg the old women's pardon) chattering and equivocating, sulking and contradicting themselves, begging other people to come and help them out of their trouble, wringing their hands and wiping their eyes, has to the Anti-Aggression League the look of a band of bold buccaneers starting with sword in hand, pistol in belt, to harry the peaceful folk of Egypt. Surely Robin Goodfellow never played anybody a scurvy trick, even when (unknown to Cervantes) he got into the brains of Don Quixote himself.

The circular of the Anti-Aggression League does not excite exactly the same feelings as Titania's address to Bottom, or as the Knight of La Mancha's conversations with his squire. There is nothing poetical or pathetic about it, and there is a great deal that is contemptible and disgusting. But it is hardly inferior as an example of Midsummer madness. The League sees that "under the guns of the English ships the English Envos have just been demanding the dismissal of a native Ministry," where plain men see English Envos, under the guns of their ships, acquiescing in the appointment to office of those whose banishment they have demanded. Those whose eyes Puck has not touched see hundreds of European corpses tumbled hugger-mugger into dishonourable graves, unavenged, and with no prospect of vengeance. The Anti-Aggression League does not seem to have even heard of any massacre. The cause of the disorder in Egypt is, to most people, the culpable inaction of the present Ministry; to the Anti-Aggression League it is "meddling with domestic parties in Egypt." The description of Arabi Pasha as a domestic party is one of the happiest expressions of the kind since Titania's description of Bottom as a gentle joy. But the muddled state of vision of the Anti-Aggression League is not limited to the details of the Egyptian situation. "It is not," say they, "the duty of private citizens to administer foreign affairs or dictate diplomatic expedients. Their duty, however, is plain; to insist that the Government shall not drag the nation to the verge of war, and embroil it with a foreign people without adequate cause." In other words, we are not going to interfere with foreign affairs, but we insist that foreign affairs shall be carried on as it pleases us. O logical, wise, and clear-sighted Anti-Aggression League! What an eagle glance it has for anything like a contradiction in terms, as well as for the actual facts of a political situation!

It may seem hardly worth while to take notice of such drivelling nonsense as this. People who say with apparent gravity that the educated classes are always wrong in political matters, who cannot put two sentences together without contradicting themselves, are, it may be said, out of the pale. To attend to them is as reasonable as it would be to send a reporter to Hanwell and make arrangements with Messrs. Hansard for verbatim accounts of the discussions of Colney Hatch. In the actually best of all possible worlds this might be so. But the silly crotchetters who sign or utter these absurdities are unfortunately not inhabitants of either of those very appropriate and useful places of sequestration. They vote in the House of Commons and out of it; they turn Ministers out of place and keep them in; they form the most active and not the least powerful part of the astonishing political conglomerate called the Liberal party; they are, like all fools, noisy; like most fools, obstinate; and, like a considerable proportion of their honourable brotherhood, peculiarly active when they are doing mischief. Democratic politics have from time immemorial been the special field for fools of this variety to play their antics in. They can fell the trees that others have grown; they can destroy the work that others have done. At the present moment it must be admitted that the political fool, in whose brain it is always Midsummer and who looks at everything through a kaleidoscope under the impression that that instrument will give him a correct picture of the object, has some reasons for being busy and active. He has had his own way of late years to a remarkable extent. He has struck a province or two off the British Empire; he has turned Ireland into a witch's cauldron of anarchy; he has "made hay" of half the institutions of his country; and when he can get leave to have his own way still more completely in Parliament he proposes to make hay of the other half. But in this prosperous career—to end only when there are no educated classes to go wrong and no British Empire to break up and throw out of window—a sudden check has, he thinks, met him. The check certainly does not seem anything remarkable to those who would be glad of a check. The "Jingoism" of the present Government at Alexandria requires an eye prepared to see all things in Jingo and assisted by patent double million magnifying-glasses to discover it at all; but, such as it is, it is enough for the political fool in his Midsummer state. He rushes about the streets crying out "Murder!" and "Rape!" (metaphorically at least, for literally he might cry

them as to Alexandria with considerable justice), and imploring all citizens to come and help him to put things right again. He speaks of a military adventurer as a "domestic party," and sees an "independent people" in a country the dependency of which is not disputed by those of his own political prophets who have kept a small corner of their brains free from the influence of Puck, and one eye, at least, away from the magic orifice of the kaleidoscope. He is perfectly blind to facts; he knows nothing of, or at least cares nothing for, history or logic (which is, indeed, consistent enough with his views as to the bad effect of education); and he can do nothing but repeat, like a Thibetan prayer, commonplaces about non-intervention and the blessings of peace and the like. When his friends, the uneducated classes, have heard these a few hundred times, they begin to believe them true, and then away goes another slice of English ground, another tatter of English honour, another support of English interests. But the political fool is not satisfied; he has no thought of singing *Nunc Dimittis*. What he sings is, as before, "Up with anti-aggression, and down with the educated classes!"

LOCH AWE IN JUNE.

YEAR by year, with astonishing speed, the Highlands are losing their too rough and horrid aspirate, and are becoming the Highlands. Railways, of course, have been the chief cause of this gratifying change. The latest railway is the Oban and Callander line, by which even his worst foemen must hope that it may never be Mr. Ruskin's lot to travel. Only four years ago the beautiful road between Dalmally and Oban, along the shores of Loch Awe and the Pass of Brander, was still the loveliest drive in Scotland. Now the railway is completed. Rob Roy's country is a suburban paradise, and at every corner pricks the cockney's ear of some new villa. The Lady of the Lake will never again be found "lone sitting on the shores of old romance" in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe. The shores of that lake used to be beautifully fringed with hazel and birch; there were a hundred fairy coves and pebbly beaches into which the waves had fretted their way, and where they received the tribute of the clear burns that in wet weather seam the hillsides with leaping waters like lines of snow. Now the railway has torn its path "long, and dusty, and straight," as Mr. Stevenson says of life after marriage, through all the copses, and athwart all the little bays. "Love," a modern poet has observed, "is one bleeding wound," and the shore of Loch Awe is one ghastly scar. The refuse and trash of Highland labour, always rough and casual, lies everywhere; lumps of wood, dug-up stones, rudimentary sleepers, litter the shores. The cliffs are cut clean through; at the stations the lake has been embanked, and is lined with trucks instead of bracken, fringed with scraps of old newspapers in place of grass and heather and the celebrated bluebells of Scotland. It is not a romantic sport fishing in Loch Awe off an embankment, with the train puffing and shunting over your head, and one or two steamers and launches rushing to and fro; while a huge new hotel stands where it ought not, like the abomination of desolation. It is difficult to row out of sight of the hotels, standing among the wounds they have made—the scarred soil, which in future may possibly blossom into an hotel garden, and the levelled moist patches where tourists in time to come will make pretence to play lawn-tennis.

As to fishing, it has been summarily, and perhaps hastily, said that "Loch Awe is a fraud." The flattering tales told by the *Sportsman's Guide to the Highlands* are always pleasant to read, but too frequently they do what the Nurse warned Romeo not to do, and land those who listen in "a Fool's Paradise." Loch Awe was doubtless the scene of excellent sport in the old days when Mr. Colquhoun wrote *The Moor and the Loch*. The Salmon ferox may still swim in its waters, but we fear it is slipping into the category of the moa, or monster bird of New Zealand, and of the great sea serpent, as introduced to the public thus early in the season by the veracious journal of Mr. Joseph Cowen. The trout of Loch Awe seem to be few in number, small in size, ill-fed, ill-flavoured, black, but not comely, and have no virtue but the moral virtue of self-denial. On a "soft" dark day, with a good breeze and a gentle rain, those trout will not feed. May-flies float seductively about, and the self-denying trout let them float and fly, showing no desire to end their giddy career. Various reasons are given by various philosophers for this stern conduct of the trout. Some say that the steamers have disturbed them, which is highly probable; others that they are over-fished, which is certain enough. One particular bay has always a boat on it, and at least another boat watching, and ready to begin when the first comes leave. A third hypothesis is that the pike have swallowed most of the trout, and that the angler is only helping to thin the meagre remnant that is left. Perhaps all these causes combine; perhaps Loch Awe is an early loch or a late loch; certainly the most appropriate June weather does not seem to provoke good trout into changing their temperate habits, and rising at the artificial fly. Poor as the loch-fishing is, the public is always at it. No one talks or thinks of anything else, and trout are to the settlements of tourists on Loch Awe what golf is to the population of St. Andrews, or hunting to the people of Leicestershire. The female settlers look sadly out of place, and sadly out of the hotel windows they gaze, through the rain which every wind that blows brings up from every quarter of the compass. Little chance have they to become fishers of men, for

the heart of man, like Mr. Mark Twain's old fowl which did not cry out when cruelly treated, "is too much absorbed." In certain districts, and by people sojourning at certain Highland hotels, salmon fishing is to be had. In these hosteries the whole talk is about "butchers," "bakers," "sudden death," "blue doctors," "Harriet," "Popham," and "canaries." These topics of conversation seem to range from the condition of most useful and enterprising tradesmen to strictly private matter about Harriet and Popham, and thence to a cerulean medical man, like the "black doctor" said to be well known in the East End. But, in reality, the talk is only about varieties of salmon-fishes, with digressions on the fish which escaped yesterday, and disquisitions on the state of the water. Doubtless good sport may be had on the Awe and the Orchy, but it requires some pluck and confidence to go and take one's share. There are sportsmen in the hotels already; they have learned to tolerate each other, but it will take some time to make them tolerate you. Jealously they scan the omnibuses that bring passengers from the hotels, for each new comer means a rival, a man who will claim his right to fish certain casts. This sentiment is felt of course in country houses, where the more familiar and accustomed a guest is to the sport, the more he secretly resents the coming of any one who will be permitted to share in his enjoyment. But at hotels the fierce passion of sporting jealousy burns much more openly and fiercely, and a man who is not madly fond of salmon-fishing will fall back on the lochs and the little ugly black trout rather than disturb the happy repose of a set of earlier comers.

The truth is that unpreserved fishing in the Highlands has almost ceased to exist. Even in seasons not usually regarded as holiday time, the hotels are pretty full, the boats and boatmen in great request. In August and September the crowd eager for the blood of trout is enormous and unapproachable. The little old fishing hotels, comfortable quiet quarters, are overthronged, and are succeeded by large gaudy establishments with German waiters, and long weary dinners, hot, dull, and interminable. The Highlands are invaded and altered; to travel to them is not to escape the crowd, but to get into the thick of the multitude. It is hard, or rather impossible, to say where the ochlophobist may find quiet and unflogged water. The west of Sutherland is still unspoiled by railways, but steamers bring eager hosts to Lochinver, and thence they penetrate by road to Inchnadamff, and dabble in all the two hundred lochs of Assynt. The only real solitudes we believe to lie much further south, in a direction which we prefer not to indicate, in a region where there are scarcely any roads but bridle roads, and where you are often obliged to ride to the scene of your sport. The times grow worse and worse year by year for people who inherit the love of sport without wealth. Year by year open trout-fishing is preserved, and what remains free is as thickly crowded as the Darent, near London. Every pool in Tweed has its angling artisans where, twenty years ago, you might fish all day and see no rival but the heron. Our generation will live to see the end of sport and the end of lonely nature for all but rich people who can afford to turn half a county into deer forests. Things have come to such a pass that it seems happier to resign oneself without a struggle to existence passed in the midst of great cities. It is better to have no scenery but the parks than year by year to see nature's own landmarks removed, and cockney hotels, with gravel walks and garden-seats, where we have known unspoiled beauty and the solitary repose of nature. It is better to be always in the midst of the hum of men than to be thrown into unavoidable association with people who do not want to see us, and whom we are particularly anxious not to see, at tables-d'hôte and in inn parlours. So we are apt to think; but at the very next chance we are certain to be found seeking for trout and hiding from men in some region we have not explored, and where our coming spoils the existence of earlier discoverers. Sportive man is a selfish animal, and would, if he could, be solitary in his habits. But, as this grows more and more difficult, we are constrained to destroy animal life in company, and to combine to rob nature of her chief charm by converting the country of Rob Roy into a cockney's paradise. In a few years the thing will be complete, and Laburnum Villas and Rosebank Lodges will cover all the Western coast, once sacred to solitude, and only viewed by intrepid yachtsmen like Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Thomas Maitland. The land question in the Highlands will be solved by making the Highlands "an eligible residential district."

THE IRISH PASTORAL AND ITS CRITICS.

*B*OS locutus est. The Irish Roman Catholic bishops have spoken at last. For two years the great majority of them—*we* always except Cardinal MacCabe—have watched with more than bovine apathy, diversified by no infrequent denunciations, not of the aggressors, but of their victims, a series of murders, maimings, repudiations of just debts, and outrages of all kinds on man and beast, which disgrace alike the country and the religion of those who perpetrate or encourage them. At length the whole body of prelates assembled in Dublin, including, as the *Tablet* informs us, four archbishops and twenty-four bishops, after five days' deliberation, have issued a solemn Pastoral on the social state of Ireland, which is characterized by our contemporary as "a document of the highest importance and one that will be anxiously studied at home and abroad, not alone by Catholics, but by men of all creeds, races, and classes, politicians and econo-

mists of every shade of opinion, and by the opponents as well as the friends of Irish claims." So far we see no reason to disagree with the writer; how far an impartial study of the highly important document is likely to confirm his estimate of its merits and probable results will appear by and by. Meanwhile it is rather amazing to be told of the numerous antecedent condemnations of agrarian crime by archbishops, bishops, and leading dignitaries which have been unaccountably ignored by "hostile papers," while seizing on "*the very few instances of intemperate and wild utterances on the part of ecclesiastics, chiefly young curates.*" Are Archbishop Croke, and Bishop Nulty, and other dignified prelates and preachers to whom we referred on a former occasion "young curates"? And have not their denunciations of the foulest outrages, when uttered at all, been, as we then observed, faint and tardy and heavily handicapped by abundant cant about the wrongs which went far to excuse the drastic nature of the remedies? However, the bishops have spoken out in their collective capacity now. The subject of the condition of Ireland was brought, as the *Tablet* says, before the assembled hierarchy, and submitted under four separate heads to the scrutiny of as many episcopal sub-committees, each presided over by an archbishop; and the Pastoral is based on a full consideration of their several reports. It is a "touching address," which will, the *Tablet* trusts, "produce speedy and salutary results in Ireland, and allay violent passions." We are afraid the *Tablet* is rather sanguine in its expectations, but it is time to let our readers judge of this touching and highly important document for themselves.

The bishops begin by acknowledging their grave responsibility in the social crisis through which their beloved country is now passing; they accordingly "hasten"—after two years' delay—"to communicate the results of their deliberations to you, the devoted children of the Catholic Church, enlightened by Faith and obedient to the Divine precept of seeking first the kingdom of God and His justice." It has oddly enough, however, become necessary to remind these same devoted, enlightened, and obedient children of the Catholic Church of the elementary and "undoubted truth," which they had somehow managed to forget, that the law of God is supreme in social and political as well as in religious questions, and that "what is morally wrong"—theft and murder e.g.—"cannot be politically right." And it further appears, on "applying those principles to events *every day* occurring around us," that this regrettable oblivion of an elementary Christian truth, not to say truism, has of late seduced these enlightened and obedient children into the following five—well, let us say rather serious imperfections—to the "folly" of which their chief pastors think it well, after two years' rumination on the matter, to call their attention :

First, refusing to pay just debts when able to pay them; secondly, preventing others from paying their just debts; thirdly, injuring their neighbour in his person, his rights or property; fourthly, forcibly resisting the law and those charged with its administration, or inciting others to do so; fifthly, forming secret associations for the promotion of the terror and other like objects, or obeying the orders of such condemned associations. Under each of these heads numerous offences, all more or less criminal, have been committed, fearfully prominent among them the hideous crime of murder, which even at the moment disgraces our country and provokes the anger of the Almighty.

This certainly does read like a pretty large indictment against these obedient children, and it does not seem wonderful at first sight that the assembled prelates should feel called upon to protest solemnly in the name of God and His Church against all and each of these offences, and to declare that the man who recommends or justifies any one of them should be regarded as "the worst enemy of our creed and country." Yet it does appear strange under the circumstances that the declaration should not have been made earlier, and it is hardly less difficult to explain how it can have been consistently made at all by some of the signatories. Why for instance was not the immoral "No Rent" manifesto, which forbids not the payment of rent supposed to be exorbitant or unjust, but of all rents, condemned publicly when it was issued? Dr. Croke, taking momentary alarm, did no doubt write a letter against it, but his diocesan "administrator," the Rev. Mr. Cantwell, presided at a Land League meeting when it was promulgated. And considering the stringent discipline of the Roman Catholic Church it is more than improbable that an official of the Archbishop's would have ventured on such a step without the sanction—still less against the orders—of his ecclesiastical superior. Now this No Rent manifesto clearly commits itself to at least the two first of the five points condemned in the Pastoral—by moral implication to others also. But we have yet to learn that Archbishop Croke or Bishop Nulty regards Mr. Dillon or Michael Davitt, whom they have held up as a model of patriotic virtue, as "the worst enemies of our creed and country." And it is worth noting, too, that among the tenants against whom it was found necessary to set the law in motion, the Dominican community at Lehinch, near Clara, under the headship of the Rev. Aloysius Ennis, are conspicuous as most shameless and obstinate defaulters. For two years and a half they paid no rent, and when at length legal proceedings were instituted to obtain it, they resorted to every available technical plea in order to defeat the claim, so that the Chairman of the Court in giving judgment against them commented on the scandal of a religious society not only refusing to discharge its legal obligations, but even condescending to what he must stigmatize as a *suggestio non veri* to screen its delinquencies. Clearly these reverend fathers of Lehinch think "refusing to pay just debts, when able to pay them," no sin against God and his Church.

But to return to the Pastoral. The *Tablet* not unreasonably

surmises that "there may be some who would desire that the address had concluded" with the protest against the five points of the Land League Charter cited just now. Very few indeed who have at heart the credit of the Irish prelates and of their Church, or the salutary effect of their admonitions on their devoted and obedient children, can have desired anything else after reading the sequel. For there is yet balm in Gilead even for the Land Leaguers and their allies. No sooner have the bishops uttered their solemn protest than they proceed at once to reassure their devoted children by declaring that the National movement, purged of what is criminal, shall have their hearty support. But "the National movement purged of what is criminal," if we are to judge the tree by its fruits, according to an authority which bishops must be charitably presumed to respect, is the National movement with its power of motion gone. To praise the movement is to praise its leaders, who in truth have by no means lacked warm episcopal commendation. And who are its leaders? Mr. Parnell, who hobnobbed with the extremest section of avowed atheists and communists of Paris; Mr. Dillon, who blandly "refuses to denounce outrage"; Michael Davitt, the ex-Fenian and ticket-of-leave convict, founder of the thieving and murderous Land League; perhaps we should add those "sweet and reasonable" Christian women, Miss Anna Parnell, whose comment on the Phoenix Park assassinations was to the effect that her countrymen would be more or less than human if they refrained from such tempting modes of retaliation, and the irrepressible Nun of the period, Miss Cusack, who divides her time between writing inflammatory letters to the papers and embroidering coverlets for the beds of imprisoned felons. Yet these are the gods held up for the idolatry of the Irish faithful by episcopal eulogists of the Land League. It is hardly surprising that Mr. Bellingham, Roman Catholic and Home Ruler though he be, should indignantly ask, in a letter to the *Tablet*, whether "Catholic Ireland, formerly called the Isle of Saints," is prepared, even for some possible temporal advantage, to seek the aid of French and English revolutionists, and whether "Catholics, English or Irish, are prepared to endorse" the teaching of Michael Davitt "that all capital is robbery"? The penultimate clause of the Pastoral—possibly thrown in to secure the signatures of men like Dr. Croke and Dr. Nulty—is just of that kind which, "without in any sense meaning to excuse the crimes and offences we have condemned," proceeds at once, not "to damn with faint praise," but to condone with faint condemnation those very crimes. It insists that "the people have been driven to despair by evictions and the prospect of evictions," and that "the continuance of such evictions, justly designated by the Prime Minister of England as sentences of death"—Mr. Gladstone had denied in Parliament having ever used this language—"must be a fatal permanent provocation to crime," and that "it is the duty of all friends of social order, and especially of the Government, to put an end to them as speedily as possible, and at any cost." Do the bishops really imagine that any evictions, however harsh and unjust, can excuse the murder of Mr. Bourke or Mrs. Smythe, or the Phoenix Park tragedy? That is what they will certainly be understood to mean; it is this paragraph of the Pastoral, if any, that will fix itself in the memory of the Fenians, Moonlight Boys, and other devoted and obedient children of the Church to whom it is addressed, and will effectually neutralize any possible effect of the "protest," which is thus studiously weakened, if not withdrawn. The Lady Land Leaguers paid no attention to Cardinal MacCabe, who is really in earnest, when he sternly rebuked them for unsexing themselves, and they were supported in their contumacy by Archbishop Croke and Mr. Sullivan, M.P. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ohio, who retains, like Cardinal MacCabe, that old-fashioned respect for the Decalogue which has somehow slipped out of the memory of so many of his Irish, and some even apparently of his English colleagues, threatened to excommunicate these people, but his censures are treated with as much deference as the Cardinal's. Is it likely that those who pay so little regard to their prelates, when they do speak plainly, will be influenced by the tardy, half-hearted, hedging declarations of this ambiguous Pastoral? We know not. The wild young curates at whom the *Tablet* aims its artless ridicule have evidently won the day.

THE HAMILTON SALE.

THE dispersion of a famous collection of works of art is undoubtedly a matter for profound regret; but it would be useless to deny that an important sale of beautiful things gives much pleasure to thousands of people. It is a truism to say that every one has a right to do what he likes with his own, and, as a purely abstract proposition, we are always willing to suppose that there may be good reasons for a man not being inclined to pay—or to forfeit, which comes to the same thing—many thousands a year for the privilege of calling his own certain works of art that he rarely sees. The objections to the breaking up of a rich collection of treasures are many and obvious; but, while we lament great sales of artistic heirlooms, we must not forget that they afford considerable opportunities of instruction to art students, and tend to cultivate the taste of the general public. It is true that magnificent collections are to be seen daily at the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum; but what can be always visited is seldom or never visited, while people will rush in crowds to look at inferior things that are only exhibited for three days. It is probable that the larger proportion of those who go to Messrs.

Christie and Manson's galleries before a great sale do so in order to meet their friends, or to enable themselves to chatter about the things that are to be sold; but it does not do to analyse too minutely the motives which are the cause of bringing spectators to works of art, or works of art to spectators. We should rather content ourselves with reflecting upon the fact that in spite of themselves people can scarcely escape learning something from looking at beautiful things. Even the accounts of important sales in the public journals teach the world something. It is a question what percentage of "educated people" had ever heard of the Marlborough gems before they were advertised for sale, and we are more than doubtful whether all those who talk so glibly of the Hamilton Palace collection were aware of its existence until the announcement of its approaching dispersion appeared in the newspapers.

It is not too much to say that the sale of the Hamilton Palace collection is one of the most important of the century. As the sale is taking place only a couple of years after that of the treasures of Prince Demidoff at San Donato, it is impossible to avoid making some comparison between the two collections. Which of the pair will realize the larger sum of money remains to be proved. There were great lamentations among connoisseurs when it was announced that the Hamilton collection was to be sold at its home in the North; but it was afterwards decided that the mountain should come to Mahomet, and, to the delight of the frequenters of Christie and Manson's, it was given out that the sale was to take place at the familiar King Street galleries. As a hint to the public that the sale would be one of unusual importance, it was advertised that the price of the illustrated catalogues would be one guinea each. The most successful medium through which to drive an idea into most minds is the pocket, and as soon as it became known that these illustrated catalogues were to cost a guinea apiece, people began to comprehend the magnitude of the approaching sale. There was a private view on the Tuesday, which, like most private views, was crowded. During the three following days the galleries were literally crammed. In addition to the dense crowd of cockneys, there were dealers from many countries, and some parts of the rooms had occasionally much the appearance of a synagogue. The crowd was thickest round a certain small inlaid table. Scarcely one person in a thousand would have known that this little table was worth a hundred pounds, but it was reported that a well-known dealer was prepared to give 5,000*l.* for it; so people clustered about it like flies, and feasted their eyes on so small a thing that could be so valuable, most of them wondering "where the money could be."

Long before the sale began on the first day there was barely standing room in the large gallery. Among the early lots sold were some fine specimens of Steenwyck. A tiny picture by this artist of St. Jerome at his devotions, about the size of a man's hand, was by no means dear at 190 guineas. The collection of Vandycks was exceptionally fine. The first sold was a portrait of Charles I., with the ribbon of the Garter, which went for 770 guineas. This is a remarkably fine work, but it is unusually bright in colour for Vandyck. A very inferior picture was another portrait of Charles I. in armour. The nose in this picture might have been taken off the face of Oliver Cromwell, and stuck on to that of the unfortunate king. It brought in its full value in 190 guineas. Two full-length portraits, one of Henrietta, Princess of Phalsburg, attended by a black slave dressed in red, the other of the Duchess of Richmond, with her son as Cupid, realized respectively 2,000 and 1,950 guineas. These prices were far exceeded at San Donato, where a single portrait by Vandyck produced 6,000*l.* An equestrian portrait of Charles I. by the same master went for 950 guineas. There are several replicas of this work. The catalogue, after describing the picture, refers the reader to Smith's celebrated *Catalogue Raisonné*, where we read that it is "perhaps the work of a scholar, retouched by the master." There was only one Hobbema in the Hamilton collection, but it was an admirable example of the master. The subject is an old mill, with a mill-stream and much foliage, and there is a great deal of effective shade and sunshine. It is a most pleasing picture, and, although it is only 24 in. by 33, it was sold for 4,050 guineas. This price, again, was beaten at San Donato, where a Hobbema realized 8,400*l.* Flower painters ought to be encouraged by the price obtained for a study of a bouquet in a vase by J. Van Huysum, which went for 1,170 guineas. At San Donato a Van Huysum had brought 920*l.* A very fine little picture of St. Jerome in a cavern, less than a foot square, was purchased for the National Gallery for 470 guineas. It was attributed to De Bles, an old Flemish artist of the fifteenth century, whose works are very rare, but it was last week pronounced by some critics to be the work of a painter of the Venetian school. There were three pictures attributed to Albert Dürer. Two of them were portraits of the artist, and realized little short of 400*l.* apiece. One of them is said, in Dr. Waagen's book, to be an old copy. There is a similar picture in the Madrid Gallery. It is pleasant to find a Van Tol that professes to be a Van Tol and not a Gerard Douw. A good picture of a cobbler by this painter went for 470 guineas. A small and very simple but pleasant specimen of Van de Velde's work, called "A Calm," sold for 1,300 guineas. Rubens was very well represented, his most important work being "Daniel in the Lions' Den," a picture about the size of an ordinary billiard table, though rather shorter and wider. There is said to be a very similar picture in a church in the Isle of Wight. Whether one of the pair is a copy by some other painter is a question which we leave others to quarrel over.

The grouping of the lions is magnificent, and the picture is full of spirit. Anatomists may fairly take exception to some of the legs of the lions, but they could scarcely find a fault with the drawing of the nude figure of Daniel. When exhibited at Burlington House, "the prophet" was described as having "an expression of earnest prayer." We should rather say that he wears "an expression of earnest funk." He looks as if he expected to be eaten every moment. We never saw abject terror more truthfully delineated, and this feature of the work lowers its dignity to zero in our estimation. After some spirited bidding the picture was knocked down to Mr. Denison for 4,900 guineas. Rubens's portrait of his first wife is a very fine work, and it reached 1,750 guineas; but it is in his flattest style, and has very little in common with the rich colouring for which he is best known. "The Loves of the Centaurs," a most spirited and gorgeous little picture, was justly admired for its workmanship. The history of this picture supports the theory that the works of the old masters maintain their value. In 1802 it cost 260 guineas; in 1810 it was sold by Mr. Christie for 610 guineas, and it now brought in as much as 2,000 guineas. A portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, that only professed to be a copy by Rubens of a picture by Velasquez, went for 590 guineas; a design for a salver, 23 in. by 30, very freely sketched in grisaille, or monotone, sold for 1,600 guineas; and a small portrait, executed in the same style, sold for 450. A portrait of Edward VI., that had a crack right through the face, passing through the right eye, was purchased, it was said for Windsor Castle, for 760 guineas. In the catalogue it was attributed to Holbein, but as Holbein died when Edward VI. was only six years old, it has been fathered on some other artist. A good example of Ostade was bought by Mr. Denison for 1,700 guineas, and a nice Ruysdael went to Mr. Colnaghi for 1,150 guineas. A picture of the "Adoration of the Magi" by J. de Mabuse, an artist whose works are said to have been much admired by Albert Dürer, was not dear at 500 guineas. The first day's sale produced 43,266*l.* 11*s.*, but the best day's sale of pictures at San Donato had brought in more than 50,000*l.*

The Monday's sale began with the Japanese and Chinese porcelain. A pair of pretty little pink vases, 17 inches high, went for 400 guineas, and another pair with flowers on a black ground, of about the same size, brought in the same price. Two pairs of large vases over four feet in height sold for 920 and 1,180 guineas, the latter having white and the former coloured grounds. The Japan lacquers were good, the best specimen being a chest, which fetched 700 guineas. A cloisonné enamelled vase was sold cheap at 51 guineas, and a pale-green Indian jade ewer, inlaid with rubies and gold, was not dear at 78 guineas. A remarkably fine pair of globular jade bottles, richly inlaid with lapis lazuli, rubies, and gold, on gilt metal supports finely worked, 20 inches high, went for 1,450 guineas. A pair of Sèvres gros-bleu vases, 14 inches high, mounted with ormolu chased in high relief by Gouthière, sold for 1,600, and a Louis XVI. lyre-shaped clock of the same porcelain brought in 440 guineas. There were two Louis XIV. ormolu chandeliers. One that would hold 16 candles went for 210 guineas, but a very much smaller one, that would only hold 6 candles, went for 400 guineas. An old rock-crystal chandelier, a good deal cracked and broken, realised 700 guineas. The cabinets were extremely good, most of them being of the time of Louis XIV. or Louis XVI. Many of them had panels of Japanese lac work. It is possible that some of the panels may have been made in Europe after Japanese patterns, and if so they are even more valuable. A good many of them, too, were grand examples of the work of Buhl. They were splendidly inlaid and veneered with engraved white metal and brass upon tortoiseshell, with massive figure and fruit ormolu angles and handles. The finest specimen was a small pedestal cabinet, 3 ft. 6 in. high and 2 ft. 8 in. long, that sold for 2,200 guineas. A rather florid Florentine cofier, 2½ ft. long and 2 ft. high, sold for 970 guineas, and a couple of tables of Egyptian porphyry brought in 900 guineas apiece. An antique bust in porphyry, with gilt ornaments, of the Emperor Augustus, realized 1,650 guineas. There is scarcely a finer bust in the Vatican galleries. The Emperor Tiberius, in the same materials, went for 500, and Vespasian, in black basalt, sold for 320. The proceeds of the Monday's sale exceeded 25,000*l.*

The interest of the third day's sale was mainly centred in the last three lots. Tastes may differ as to what style of furniture is the best; but there can be no doubt that delicacy of workmanship culminated in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The metal and shell inlaying of Buhl at the end of the seventeenth and in the early part of the eighteenth century was exceedingly rich, as was shown by the fine specimens of his work that were sold on Monday; but the most exquisite inlaid work that has yet been produced came from the studio of Riesener, in France, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Very little is known of his history; but he called himself an *ébéniste*, and he is said to have used ebony from Madagascar and Ceylon, tulip-wood, mahogany, lime, rosewood, holly, maple, snakewood, laburnum, and purple-wood in producing his marvellous marquetry panels. David Roentgen in his own country, Maggiolino in Italy, and Chippendale in England were his contemporaries; but neither of them equalled the refined workmanship of the great Riesener. The best-known specimens of his work are those in the Louvre, those in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, and the three pieces that in the Hamilton collection were sold on Monday. The best of the latter was the small table to which

reference has already been made. It is but a tiny piece of furniture, yet its inlaid woodwork is quite unsurpassed, as also are the exquisite metal mounts, which are probably the work of Gouthière. This little gem was sold for 6,000*l.*, and its companions—an upright secretaire and a commode—went respectively for 4,400 and 4,100 guineas. All three had belonged to Marie Antoinette, and they are probably the finest existing pieces of combined wood and metal work.

The old Japan and the enamelled Chinese porcelain on the Tuesday was good, and brought in high prices. There were some rich pieces of Kaga-ware—two bowls, 6½ inches high, fetching 56 guineas; one eggshell bowl and cover, 4½ inches high, went for 46 guineas; a pair of Celadon-green vases, 12 inches high, sold for 810 guineas. The lacquer-work was excellent. Forty-two guineas were given for a pair of tiny gold lac boxes, 2½ inches long. In addition to the Riesener cabinets, several French cabinets were sold at prices varying from 305 to 740 guineas; and an upright secretaire, with a door that set all rules of art at defiance, went for more than 400 guineas. A handsome ormolu clock, by Robin, sold for 630 guineas. The day's returns came to 23,485*l.*, and the total of the three days' sale amounted to more than 91,000*l.* Thus ended the first portion of this wonderful sale. If the four succeeding portions are equally valuable, the Hamilton sale will put that of San Donato completely into the shade.

THE DEBT AND TARIFF OF THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the close of the Civil War the United States have kept up a large surplus revenue for the purpose of redeeming the debt. Most European economists hold the opinion that in doing this the United States Government is wrong. They have pointed out that the country is very new, is very sparsely populated, and at the close of the Civil War was, as to a less degree it still is, in urgent need of more capital; and that the heavy taxation maintained diverted labour and capital from their natural channels, and did economic mischief. They have argued, therefore, that it would have been wiser on the part of the United States Government to have left its debt as it stood; to have repealed taxation as fast as possible, and thus have unfettered and stimulated industry; and that, in the long run, it would in this way have most effectually lightened the burdens and promoted the welfare of the Union. The return of peace, patient industry, thirst, and the growth of population would, they contended, soon so much augment the wealth of the country that the debt, which at the time of the subjection of the South entailed so oppressive a charge, in the course of a few years would not be seriously felt, and then could be paid off without much sacrifice. The American people, however, took a different view of the matter. Indeed the fact which weighed most with European economists in depreciating a too rapid redemption of debt recommended that course to Americans. To pay off the debt required a high taxation, and high taxation meant protection to native industry. Therefore high taxation was decided upon. And, leaving out of account for a moment its economic effects, it must be admitted that the policy adopted by the United States has been more rapidly successful by far than Europeans thought possible or Americans themselves dared to hope. When the Civil War came to an end, the interest-bearing debt of the United States amounted in round numbers to 500 millions sterling, and its charge was about 30 millions sterling a year; now the total capital of the debt is under 300 millions sterling, and the annual charge is under 11 millions. It will be noticed that the reduction in the charge is much greater than in the amount of the debt. The annual charge of the debt now but little exceeds a third of what it was at the close of the war, while the capital is still more than half what it then was. The reason is that the interest paid upon the debt has been successively reduced—first on a portion to 5 per cent.; then on another portion to 4½ per cent.; then on a third portion to 4 per cent.; and, lastly, upon another portion to 3½ per cent. These successive reductions set free a large revenue which could be applied every year to the redemption of debt; and at the same time the growth of wealth and population has been so rapid that the revenue has increased more quickly than was anticipated by the most sanguine. When the Civil War came to an end it was feared that the Southern whites of that generation would remain irreconcilable; consequently, that a considerable military force would have to be maintained in the South; and that the Southern States, in fact, would be to the Union what Ireland is to ourselves or what Poland is to Russia. As a matter of fact, the Southern whites, having fought most gallantly and stubbornly in the field, recognized when they were beaten, and decided to make the best of the situation in which they then found themselves. Instead, therefore, of becoming irreconcilable, they accepted the inevitable, and the South quietly settled down into repose. Society and industry were reorganized on new bases, prosperity returned, and the Government was able to disband its great army and its navy. This in turn improved the credit of the United States so greatly that the conversions of debt to which we have just referred became practicable; and it also enabled the whole population to throw themselves once more with all their energy into money-making, and to accumulate wealth at an astonishingly rapid rate. The result, as we have seen, is that somewhat over two hundred millions sterling of debt have been paid off in seventeen years. In the financial year ended with

June 1880, the redemption of the debt was about seventeen millions sterling; last year it exceeded twenty millions sterling; and this year it is expected to reach thirty millions; in the course of three years, that is, about sixty-seven millions sterling of debt have been paid off. It will be recollect how great an impression was made by Mr. Gladstone's proposal in his Budget statement last Session to redeem by means of terminable annuities in five-and-twenty years sixty millions of our own debt. Yet here we see that the United States Government has paid off even a larger sum in less than one-eighth of the time; and apparently its redemption of debt in the immediate future will be more rapid still.

On the first of last month there were still outstanding ninety-eight millions sterling of Three and a Half per Cent. Bonds. These bonds can at any time be called in and paid off by the Secretary of the Treasury, and, in fact, a considerable portion of the ninety-eight millions had been called in before May, or has since been called in, and the money with which to redeem them was in the Treasury. It is expected that the whole of the ninety-eight millions sterling will be redeemed within the next two years. As we have already stated, in the financial year ending with this month it is calculated that the redemption of debt will amount roughly to about thirty millions sterling. This sets free just a million sterling of interest, which in the coming year will go to increase the surplus revenue, or, in other words, will be applicable to the redemption of debt. Further, the growth of wealth and population will considerably add to the productiveness of the taxes; and therefore it does not seem unreasonable to assume that the surplus of the coming year will amount to about three millions a month, or altogether to thirty-six millions sterling; and that in the following year the surplus will be still larger—that is to say, that the surpluses of the two years will amount to seventy or eighty millions, which would practically insure in the time the extinction of the Three and a Half per Cents. This is, of course, on the assumption that the expenditure is not largely increased. But the House of Representatives is voting additional pensions recklessly, and otherwise adding to the outlay. Even, however, if its extravagance is not checked by the Senate, these particular bonds will be paid off in three years at the outside. When this is accomplished, the debt of the United States will be reduced to about two hundred millions sterling; and of this debt the Four and a Half per Cents. cannot be called in until 1891, nor the Fours until 1907. In other words, when the Three and a Half are paid off, the Government of the United States will have to buy the rest of the debt in the open market at the price of the day, or else it will have to suspend the redemption of debt for about seven years. The Four and a Halfs are at present at a premium of nearly fifteen per cent.; and when the whole of the Three and a Halfs are paid off, it is extremely probable that the premium will rise still higher; first, because if the present banking law is maintained, banks of issue will have to buy other interest-bearing bonds of the United States instead of the Three and a Halfs they now hold; and secondly, because trustees and others will require to buy the bonds, and the holders of the bonds will naturally raise the price against the Government. It is quite possible, therefore, that the premium may be doubled, or even more, if the Government persist in buying in the open market. But will the United States Government buy in the open market on these terms? To do so would be to give a bonus to the persons who happen to hold the bonds at present—that is to say, to make the general taxpayers give a large premium to the lucky holders of the bonds; while, if the redemption is suspended for only seven years, the whole of the Four and a Halfs can be called in and paid off at par. In the meantime the suspension of the redemption of the debt for seven years could do no harm, and would have some incidental advantages.

But if the redemption of debt were suspended, what would be done with the immense surplus revenue which, as we have just seen, the United States Government disposes of? The Secretary of the Navy is anxious that large sums should be laid out in forming a new and efficient navy. But, unless circumstances arise to lead to the adoption of an aggressive foreign policy, it is not easy to see what a great navy is wanted for. The United States are too powerful to be attacked by neighbours, and too far off to be attacked by European nations. Unless, therefore, they provoke war, they are sufficiently protected. And in their past history they have not cared for the mere display of force. The powerful Protectionist party, again, is in favour of a policy to resuscitate the mercantile marine. But that policy has been urged in vain for fifteen years, and besides, even if adopted, would not seriously diminish the surplus. Great additions are annually made to the pensions granted, the pensions on account of the war now largely exceeding the charge of the debt; but there is a limit to this item of expenditure. On the whole, then, it appears incredible that the surplus will be frittered away. But it may be applied to back up a spirited foreign policy such as that advocated by Mr. Blaine, or it may be expended in great public works, such as the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi. General Grant was strongly in favour of a great system of public works, and there are plenty of people ready to support any public man who will seriously take it up. The only other course is a great remission of taxation. But such a repeal of taxation as would reduce the surplus to modest proportions would also get rid of protection; and it is quite clear that the majority of Americans are not prepared for this. With

general approval Congress has hung up the question for two years by referring it to a Commission of Inquiry, and the President has nominated to this Commission an overwhelming majority of Protectionists. It seems certain, however, that the Free-trade controversy must become one of the main issues of the next Presidential election. As we have shown above, the election will come on just when the redemption of the Three and a Half per Cents. will be accomplished, or nearly so, and consequently when it must be decided what is to be done with the surplus. It will also come on just when the report of the Commission of Inquiry may be expected to appear. The decision will depend upon the circumstances of the time. It will be in favour of a more liberal tariff that the Mississippi Valley, under the Apportionment Act rendered necessary by the late census, will have a clear majority of votes in the House of Representatives, and consequently in the Electoral College. The interests of the Mississippi Valley are undoubtedly free-trading; and, if it is guided by its commercial interests, it can secure the triumph of Free-trade. But commercial interests seldom decide an election. The accidents of the hour will have a much more potent influence.

CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

If the amount and quality of music supplied in any place could be taken as a criterion of the standard of taste of its inhabitants, London would at the present time stand at the head of all existing musical centres. Nowhere else, and never before, has such an overwhelming profusion of music of the highest description been offered to the public as during this season, and it is hardly likely that a combination of circumstances is likely to arise in the present generation through which such a profusion could be offered again. No doubt this amount of musical attraction is based upon an estimate of the taste and size of the musical public, but it cannot be said that the estimate formed was a just one; and it may be a little discouraging to eager enthusiasts to have it made clear to them in consequence that the number of people who are really capable of enjoying the highest achievements of art is yet insufficient to supply full audiences to more than a limited number of performances of such works as the Choral Symphony, Schubert's great Symphony in C, or the "Missa Solemnis." But, on the other hand, it is decidedly a matter for congratulation that such works can be so often before the public, and that a larger range of people than the mere *élite* should be appealed to, and that there should be such signs of genuine response and enjoyment both in respect of these works and of works such as have been presented at the two German opera houses.

Perhaps the most cheering inference to be drawn from both the operas and the programmes of the concerts is the progress towards catholicity of taste in this country. The ruts which musical matters had got into a short while ago, and the contempt which the professional advisers and leaders of taste poured upon everything genuinely and nobly original, are now sufficiently notorious. At first Beethoven's greatest works were said to be equally impossible to perform and to comprehend; it was bad taste for the nearest relative of another great composer to play such rubbish as his now most popular works in public. Schubert's greatest achievements were intolerable, and the first band in the country refused to play them; Wagner and Brahms in their respective degrees were an abomination; and so forth, in edifying succession. Such criticisms had a powerful effect upon the weak and immature condition of public opinion, and even intelligent musical people allowed themselves to be guided by a perfect herd of Beckmessers. The voices of some of these forlorn creatures still cry aloud in their desolate places, but the genuine instincts of a receptive public are clearly becoming strong enough to enjoy what is enjoyable in spite of them. This is shown in the attitude of many people towards the greatest masterpieces as well as in the variety they can accept. Not long ago a performance of the Choral Symphony, or the Mass in D, or Bach's B-minor Mass, would draw many representative musicians and professors from all quarters; but the mood in which they attended was one of awe and partial stupefaction, as at a religious office, to be gone through in honour of high art. But of late people seem to discover that the function of these, as of all art works, is to exert a positive influence upon the emotions, and that the broadening of the capacity to receive larger and wider ranges of musical expression is a sort of enlargement of being, an increase of life. People who rise to being really moved by the whole of the greatest Symphony, and of feeling even the point and artistic ratio of its choral parts; those, again, who can assimilate the great Mass, and realize in their own feelings the exaltation it expresses, must have some real elements of nobility in themselves, and are already at one of the highest points of musical cultivation; and when, in addition, they can accord an enthusiastic welcome to a new Symphony of Dvorák's, and to a crucially modern Cantata of Sucher's, and even encore a Rhapsody of Liszt's, it is clear they are also attaining to a most desirable condition of cosmopolitanism of taste.

With regard to the actual performance of this class of modern works, there are many things worth recording. Two decidedly distinguished performances of the Choral Symphony have been given by Mr. Hallé on May 1st and by Mr. Manns on June 17th. In this case it is impossible not to institute comparisons. At the same time it must be allowed that the latter con-

ductor had great advantages at the Crystal Palace, and the former decided disadvantages at St. James's Hall, which hardly allowed of their being considered on equal terms. But Mr. Hallé has proved himself to be an exceptionally able conductor, and he is especially known in other fields as an exponent of Beethoven's works; and consequently it is inevitable to judge him, and performances under him, by a very high standard. And in this light, though the performance was undoubtedly a fine one, it cannot be favourably compared either with Herr Richter's in last year or with Mr. Manns's in this. What was noticeable of individual treatment of detail was not particularly successful, and there was a tendency to rigidity in the interpretation, through which, for instance, Mr. Santley appeared to be hampered in the delivery of his important part, and the well-known "Cadenza for quartet seemed to be forced." The band was fine, and the chorus was good, and Miss Anna Williams distinguished herself by the beautiful tone she managed to maintain all through her very trying part; but, on the whole, the result was not such as to justify enthusiasm. Mr. Manns's performance, on the other hand, was probably, on the whole, the finest ever heard in this country. In detail there was very little that could trouble the most sensitive musician, and the complete result thoroughly justified the exuberant expressions of approval which were manifested after the performance. The point which might naturally before all others strike a hearer accustomed to the work was the fact that the two most important soloists and the chorus were positively capable of doing their parts properly. Frau Peschka-Leutner's exceptionally high voice was not perceptibly tried at all, and her whole treatment of phrasing and expression was most worthy of her distinguished abilities. Mr. King's performance was also admirable, though not so fine as his rendering of the part under Richter last year; but then he had the advantage of singing it in the original language. Of Mr. Manns's band it is almost superfluous to speak; except to say that they played more superbly than usual, and the performance of the chorus was so good as to be altogether a most agreeable surprise.

The performance of the "Missa Solemnis" under Herr Richter on June 12 was a sad proof that the various people who have to cooperate in arriving at a satisfactory performance of such a work were rather overdone. Every one knows that under such a conductor the finest result producible by band and chorus may be reasonably expected under fair circumstances. That the performance was capable of giving very high pleasure is certain, but that it was a finished one, or that the performers moved with ease and certainty, cannot be said. In this case, as in the Choral Symphony, Frau Peschka-Leutner distinguished herself especially; but the chorus were not always steady or well balanced, and the band were not so clear in execution or so well in hand as usual. That this was purely an accident due to high pressure is evident from the fact that on other occasions the chorus has done admirably, and the band has played as a band only can play under Herr Richter, and with an extraordinary richness of tone which they seem to have gained comparatively lately under his training. As a pure feat of conducting and playing, this was exemplified in the performance of Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody on June 5th. This work is conceived in the spirit of a virtuoso playing on an orchestra as he would upon a pianoforte, and it was interpreted in that spirit by Herr Richter in a manner which was quite electrical. The band followed the quick and frequent shifting of time with perfect certainty, and gave the just expression of the difficult rhythmic forms of the Hungarian style, and every sort of *nuance*, with a unanimity as of one being. The performance of the ever-fresh C-minor Symphony was as remarkable in all the same qualities of performance; in sound, especially of the strings, and in balance, decision, delicacy, and, above all, the total impression of the whole work, it was beyond praise. At the same concert was also given one of the most important of the new works heard this season in London. This was the scena for solos, chorus, and orchestra called "Waldfraulein," by Herr Joseph Sucher, conductor of the Hamburg Opera, and husband of the distinguished singer and actress whose appearance as Senta, Elsa, Elizabeth, Eva, and Isolde has given so much pleasure to the audiences at Drury Lane. The scena, though composed in 1869, is one of the most typically modern of works of the kind for concert performance. It is genuinely musical, and shows endeavour to deal with the materials in a free spirit. The choral writing in the first chorus, part of which is repeated at the conclusion, is not based upon the common misapplication of principles of abstract instrumental music, but is freely polyphonic and expressive in every part and detail; and, moreover, is really beautiful in sound and refined and genuine in substance. The treatment of the solo parts is in the free *arioso* or melodious recitative style, and presents many striking features and fine passages of melody and declamation, rising at times to a considerable pitch of warmth. The orchestral writing is rich and elaborate, and in the highest degree effective; and the balance of interest is well maintained between the band and the voices. The performance was on all sides admirable, including the solos of Frau Rosa Sucher and Herr Winkelmann, and was received by a judicious audience with enthusiasm, which, as has been pointed out above, is a happy indication of the growing independence of public opinion.

Among other important new works given lately, the foremost is Dvorák's Symphony. This composer made a strong impression in this country some time ago by the vigour and freshness of his Slavonic dances for orchestra. It was evident at first hearing that he had

the native gift of orchestral speech, and a genius for effective dance rhythms of the national type. When it was known that he had turned his attention to more classical forms of composition, under very high guidance, it was natural to wonder how far such a nature would submit to the necessary discipline, and whether the instinct was transmutable or not. Some of the earlier fruits were unequal; but the latest, the Symphony in question, must be pronounced a decided success, and under Herr Richter's direction produced a very strong impression. The orchestration is not so vividly captivating as in the works in which his national spirit plays freely; but his experience and instinct make it sure and noble. The actual music is for the most part vigorous and fresh, but clearly under the influence of Beethoven, and especially of the "Eroica." The national character does not appear as much in the music as might be expected, and the title of "Furiant" for the Scherzo, as in the Sextett, hardly implies much departure from the type of Beethoven or Schubert. His "Rhapsodie Slave," which was given by Mr. Hallé on May 18, is more on his old lines, and is extremely captivating. The management and grouping of the different tunes and the distribution of character in sound and matter is most successful; and the touches of humour and effective alternations of ritardando and accelerando, which are characteristic of some national styles of music, and the lively play of all sorts with the opportunities of orchestral effect are very happy, and were very well dealt with by the band under Mr. Hallé's conducting. The work is at the same time tolerably free from the barbarities which are most commonly to be met with in works of the Rhapsody class.

Another living composer who has been well represented this season is Signor Sgambati, whose fame as a player and composer of some very clever and effective chamber music has spread from Rome over the greater part of musical Europe. The two most important works produced are the Concerto played by the composer at a Philharmonic concert, and a Symphony conducted by him at the Crystal Palace. Both works are exceedingly well and clearly expressed, and the influence of the master Liszt is shown more in this particular than in any similarity of musical material. The latter is in fact original, without being strikingly so. His use of solo and orchestral instruments is always masterly and sure of effect, showing sense of tone which is fine and delicate, a certain degree of southern warmth, and evident pleasure in impressions of sound. The facility of speech and readiness of invention are also remarkable, and the works, as a whole, are clever and easy to follow, and both, but especially the Symphony, won much applause from people accustomed to really good music.

The work (as yet new to London audiences) which of all others seems to have been anticipated with the greatest eagerness and expectation of delight was the *Faust* of Schumann. His literary and rather philosophic turn, as well as his romantic and venturesome disposition, would seem to point him out as the fittest of all composers to deal directly with any of Goethe's work. To those, however, who knew anything of the history of the composition, anticipation was tempered with foreboding. The last part was indeed the product of his best years; but the two earlier parts were composed at various times and in irregular order during the sad period of his life, when his productive powers were impaired and not fully under the same control as formerly; and the works of this time are of such a nature that the more a man loves and admires him, the less willing would he be to see them brought forward before an undiscriminating public as a fair sample of his genuine powers. In the case of the present work the plan adopted at Bonn of performing only the third part seems to be the only one even approximately satisfactory. There are touches of beauty and inspiration at various isolated points in the earlier parts, as in the garden scene, in the music for Ariel beginning the second part of *Faust* in the original, and even in the overture; but in no case is any complete division satisfactory or worthy either of the composer or his subject; and the result of going through so much effort for performers and listeners alike is to produce a grievous weariness before the better portion of the work commences. In the execution of the music Mrs. Hutchinson sang with real refinement and perception, and Mr. Santley did all he could for the almost hopeless scene for Faust, beginning "Des Lebens Pulse schlagen frisch lebendig." But it was clearly a fatal error of judgment to give him such work as that of the first part to do, and to leave the finest part of the whole—namely, the music for Dr. Marianus—to be executed by a young singer, who evidently has a useful voice, but lacked both the experience and musical sense necessary to enable him to make it intelligible, in its best sense, to any one who did not know the music before; and to those who did know it, the consequent failure of the brightest point in the whole work was little better than harrowing. The rest of the solo portions of the work are sometimes pretty, as the "Jene Rosen" and the trio for the Magna peccatrix, Mulier Samaritana, and Maria Aegyptiaca; but they are for the most part strangely wanting in any depth of feeling or richness of expression. Of the choral parts of the work it must be said that, imposing as are the opportunities and impressive as is the subject, the result is not by any means impressive in any high degree. Schumann's instinct for choral writing seems in general to have been less sure and just than for any other form of musical expression, instrumental or vocal; and, as a rule, the principle he adopts is one which hardly admits of effect of the highest order; and his experiments in rhythm and effect would be better adapted to instruments than to voices. There are some fine passages here

and there, but the total result of even the third part is not proportionate to the achievements of the composer in other fields nor to the interest of the subject; and as representing any sort of outline of Goethe's work to an ordinary concert-goer the whole scheme is most fragmentary and un consecutive.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1882.

WE have to notice some of the drawings which happen to be exhibited at Burlington House as representatives of contemporary architecture; and, were the procedure decent, we might save ourselves much trouble by stringing together a cento of the architectural estimates of the last decade as representing the impression which the contributions of 1882 have made upon us. The general moral undoubtedly is that, for any period likely to be reached even by the children of the youngest man living, or for many years after them, none of their dreams of architectural purists are ever likely to be realized. Neither for the Greek of Cockerell, the Renaissance of Barry, nor the Gothic of Pugin, is there any assurance of that monopoly which represents victory to hot partisans, and no artistic clique can afford to exult very loudly over the suppression of its rivals. Still it is undoubted that this state of matters—eclectic as its friends will call it, while the irreconcilables in various directions will probably find no term more complimentary than chaotic—is relatively a success for the men who had the courage under Pugin and Ruskin, and latterly under Street and Burges, to rebel against the antiquated prejudices of classical pedantry. They, at least, can afford to wait, in the assurance that they will always have in secular architecture, perhaps not a dominant, but certainly a potent, voice, while in ecclesiastical art their claims are incontestable. Of course Queen Anne has much to say in the buildings of the season; but architecturally Queen Anne is the spouse of Proteus in the eyes of our modern mythologists.

It had never occurred to us to look upon the Royal Institute of British Architects as a body incorporated for the promotion of practical jokes; our eyes are, however, now open to our deficient appreciation of the capacity of that distinguished Society when it unbends itself to high jinks. The subject of its principal prize for the present year was a "West-End Club" (1105), and it has crowned Mr. Beresford Pite for a marvellous "labour of an age in piled stones," a castle grim and mediæval, broad spaces of bare wall, mulioned windows, narrow loopholed openings, porches through which an army with banners might deploy; crenelated towers bristling with conical cappings; altogether the structure in which Beauty might have slept her enchanted sleep, or out of which one of the giants whom Jack the Great quelled might have sallied on his murderous forays. There is of course a reason for all things, and we conclude that Mr. Pite is a gentleman of an ascetic frame of mind, who has learned, during the inquiries into the natural history of Clubs by which he drilled himself for his great and successful effort, that the members of these frivolous bodies had the bad habit of wasting their hours in staring from large windows at the men and the women, the carriages and the horses, which throng the streets; so, as a practical apostle of morals, he made it his duty to rebuke and to check such unseemly levity on the part of all who might be fortunate enough to pass the ballot of his Club. The decision of the Institute was, we conclude, reached in consequence of its leading spirits being at this minute, as loyal Englishmen, much exercised by Irish lawlessness, so that they could only look upon a building for the occupation of single gentlemen as partaking of the nature of a prison for suspects; and we must own that, regarded in the light of a veiled provision for the safe keeping of Irish patriots, Mr. Pite's castle in the air is singularly appropriate. It is a pity that the Government's sudden change of policy should have frustrated such healthful intentions when the man was there to provide a nobler and a more terrific Kilmainham. Mr. Howard Ince's design for the closely affined "Casino or Club for an Inland Watering Place" (1145), which won the first prize at the Royal Academy, is not so mirth-inspiring. Nevertheless we are unable to see the appropriateness for its object of the somewhat solid composition of Perpendicular and Jacobean, with a tower curiously recalling—probably from some accident of drawing—but with attenuated proportions, the tower of the Record Office. If the prizeman and the adjudicators respectively were put under compulsion to produce variants of the design to serve as an inland town-hall and a marine casino, we fancy they would be puzzled as to what features to retain and what to alter.

The removal of the gigantic scaffolding at the corner of St. James's Street and Pall Mall is gradually revealing a huge and ornate structure in red brick, much relieved with stone, with stepped gables, costly surface ornamentation, and a picturesque angle semiturret, in a style which can best be described as that Teutonic counterpart of Jacobean of which specimens exist in the Low Countries and at Heidelberg. This is the St. James's Branch of the Alliance Insurance Company, by Mr. Norman Shaw (1224). So gigantic a structure in that prominent situation quite alters the physiognomy of an important quarter of London, and, we willingly add, contributes much to its picturesqueness. But it does so by creating outlines which might have been more effectively filled in with those mediæval forms with which the seventeenth century so capriciously toyed. Mr. Norman Shaw's two houses at Hampstead (1221 and 1229) are pleasing and less ambitious.

Good use has been made in one of them of pargetting and of that complicated form of projecting oriels, combining curves and straight lines in the contour, belonging to the early seventeenth century, of which genuine examples are every day becoming more rare, while the other one may almost be accepted as of early Tudor character. Messrs. Ernest George and Petre contribute a praiseworthy rendering of the Dutch form of "Queen Anne" in Harrington Gardens, S.W. (1180); their country house at Buchan Hill, Sussex (1186), must be described as Jacobean, while their 46 and 47 Cheapside (1190) is a rather effective reminiscence of foreign flamboyant town architecture.

Mr. Wimperis's red-brick houses in Dutch "Queen Anne" at the corner of Berkeley Square and Mount Street (1211) have considerable merit, apart from their capricious and incongruous porches, and we are sorry that the design is hopelessly skied. The same fate has befallen Mr. Maurice B. Adams's Chiswick School of Art (1200), which is one of the public buildings of the well-known Bedford Park. Further instalments of Mr. Crossland's huge Italian Holloway College at Egham must be noted (1173, 1184, 1195). Mr. Robson's Galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours (1164), in Piccadilly, close to St. James's Church, is a sober and well-proportioned Italian composition. Mr. Horace Jones exhibits that long-wanted London improvement, New Leadenhall Market (1125, 1141, 1142), which it devolved on him to execute as City architect. Mr. Ernest C. Lee's Berechurch Hall, near Colchester (1112), is a timely example of the mistakes into which architects of the new school are apt to fall through unreflectingly straining after effects of novel picturesqueness. The general mass is a quiet and well-balanced composition, in what, with some caprices of detail, is virtually Tudor, and marked by the breadth which belongs to that style. But something more was wanted, and this has been supplied by three spirelets rising from tambours, so stumpy that nothing is shown above the roof except those pert extinguishers. Those incongruous appendages spoil what would otherwise have been a meritorious composition.

Mr. Jackson's design for the new building at Brasenose College (1136) has happily caught the breadth and quietness which are special merits of our seventeenth-century Gothic in its most successful essays. Other architects might with advantage learn a lesson from Mr. Jackson's self-control in detail. The side elevation of Mr. Pearson's noble Cathedral at Truro (1134) must be placed in the forefront of the ecclesiastical designs of the year. Mr. J. J. Stevenson, famous in England as the fugleman of those valiant souls whose boast is that they have raised the banner of Queen Anne on the battle-field, from which they believe themselves to have driven the discredited votaries of Gothic art, appears in his Free Church at Crieff, Perthshire (1102), as a liberal borrower from that neighbouring masterpiece of mediæval design, Dunblane Cathedral. Further on (1110), Mr. Stevenson, in the two London houses which he has built in the Exhibition Road, presents himself in his familiar aspect. Mr. Brooks's Church of the Transfiguration at Lewisham (1118) is composed in the earliest First Pointed just passing from Romanesque. Mr. Blomfield appears several times. The interior of the church at Privet, Hants (1202), is a well-balanced and rather stately composition; and the woodwork of Aldenham Church, Herts, shows study of good Perpendicular examples. The gigantic reredos for Grantham Church, with its paintings upon gold grounds, like some gorgeous Spanish retablo, is justified by the scale of the building—one of the largest parish churches in this island—in which it is to be placed. Mr. Waterhouse, in his St. Elizabeth's Church, at Redditch, near Manchester (1130, 1139), adopts features borrowed from St. Mark's, Venice, to an English plan and semi-Gothic details. Mr. Oldrid Scott's St. Augustine's Church, Croydon (1160), and his Cathedral for the Falkland Islands (1168), are very similar, and both of them marked by a sternness more suited to the second than the first-named locale. Mr. Mileham's new church at Highgate (1215) is impressive by its broad aisleless body, relieved with chapel-like recesses like some old Dominican church in a large city. The bays of the wagon roof are spaced by spanning arches of stone. Mr. Withers (1162, 1208) and Mr. St. Aubyn (1219) present in their churches careful studies of the good architectures of the fourteenth century. The English church at Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, by Mr. Pullan (1174)—a reproduction in richly decorated Italian Gothic of Santa Fosca at Torello—with its octagonal domed body and surrounding aisle—is a rich man's fancy conscientiously carried out by a sympathetic architect. Mr. Dunn's St. Dominic's Church, at Newcastle-on-Tyne (1209), must be noticed as a bold venture to introduce into England in a Gothic church those apsidal stalls which have been continuous in Italy since the Basilican period. Mr. Anderson's Catholic Apostolic (Irvingite) Church at Edinburgh (1172) is in Late Norman, and is composed of a wide nave without, and of a narrower chancel with, aisles. This arrangement, of which the typical example is Gerona Cathedral, is most appropriate in large churches.

The centre of that side of the Architectural Room which closes the vista is occupied by a curious sort of canopy tapering to a point; this is the model of a segment of the dome of St. Paul's, with the mosaic treatment which Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter have developed, at the request of a Committee, out of Mr. Alfred Stevens's posthumous sketch. We gladly bear tribute to the ability and earnestness which these two artists have lavished on the task imposed upon them for the decoration of the Cathedral, in face of inevitable criticism, not only from those who

disapprove of the scheme *in toto*, but of those who are jealous of any interference with Mr. Stevens's legacy. But, in proportion as Sir F. Leighton and Mr. Poynter have done their thankless task with as much success as the circumstances admitted, does the necessity press upon us to speak the truth about a most unlucky proposal for wasting a sum of money which might, if more wisely used, have secured noble results. The sum in the hands of the Committee for the decoration of St. Paul's is between forty and fifty thousand pounds. With this sum an impression might be made upon that part of the Cathedral which is alike the most important in its religious and in its architectural character, the east end, at and about the altar. What is purposed instead is to sky this hoard by lavishing it upon a mosaic treatment of the dome, which can only be taken in by a forced action of the muscles of the neck. The perversity of the suggestion does not end here, for the dome happens to be the one only portion of the interior which is already clothed with pictorial adornment. Thornhill's grisaille paintings may not represent the highest art, but they have an historical interest, and yet the proposal is to destroy the one old decoration of the Cathedral and plant the new work on the space thus forcibly laid bare; while all the rest of the interior which calls imperatively for decoration is to be left in unsightly nakedness. We refuse to believe that such a reckless waste of resources will be sanctioned by popular opinion. At present we believe that is only endorsed by a sub-Committee. Ample means of compensating Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Poynter may easily be found in other portions of St. Paul's.

RECENT MELODRAMAS.

THE production of a good melodrama would seem to be one of the lost arts, in this country at least. From the crude, but stirring, pieces which have made "Richardson's Booth" immortal to the sensational "Adelphi Drama" with which the names of Wright, Paul Bedford, and Madame Celeste are associated, there is a wide gulf, but the lines of the original conception were not departed from in any of the transition stages. There was always the villain of exalted rank, the lovely heroine, and the brave, but too didactically virtuous, lover of low estate, whose destinies had to be worked out with blood, thunder, and low comedy scenes. The action took place for the most part either in lordly baronial halls or amid the Arcadian simplicity of the heroine's "umble cot," and if we were sometimes introduced to the bandit's retreat or the murderer's "ha'nt," it was only because the exigencies of the piece demanded it, or as a relief after too much Arcadia and marble halls. Nowadays the object of the sensational dramatist appears to be simply to present elaborate pictures of low life, connected by the slightest possible thread of melodramatic plot; sentiment is basely sacrificed, and the motive of the whole piece, the mouthy virtue so dear to "the gods," has well-nigh dropped out of sight. In Germany they order these matters better; such plays as *Die Ahnfrau* and *Die Räuber*, for example, leave nothing to be desired. Perhaps, however, melodrama would still have held its own here in England, had any of our great poets lent it a helping hand, as Schiller and others have done.

Two pieces just produced in London sufficiently confirm this view of the decadence of melodrama, while at the same time they illustrate the difference between the genuine and spurious article. Mr. Byron's *Villainous Squire and the Village Rose* is put forward as a parody, and therefore in presumed depreciation of the old-fashioned style of piece, and Mr. Toole's humorous acting apparently encourages the idea. But the spectator who looks beneath the surface will see that this is a mere concession to popular prejudice, and that the obvious aim of both author and actors is to protest against the neglect into which melodrama has fallen, and to lead the public taste back to the higher ideal. Mr. Toole as the Squire is of course excessively funny, but he never forgets that he is a villain and an aristocrat; while Miss Emily Thorne, as the fair rustic maiden, plays with such grace and good taste that every right-minded spectator takes it all seriously. As for the subordinate characters, they are impersonated in the true Transpontine spirit, and we can give no higher praise. The aged rustic is as dunder-headed as could be wished; the unsuccessful lover as thorough a chawbacca as can be; and Giles is an ideal virtuous peasant, as full of moral maxims as a copybook of the old school. The plot is just what it should, and indeed must, be, given the *dramatis personæ* described; the heroine's parent is not her father, but the mysterious stranger is; he is also the long lost brother and the rightful heir. This may sound a trifle perplexing at first; but a little reflection will show that it is in strict accordance with the natural order of things, moral and material, in the melodramatic world.

Mr. Sims's new play at the Princess's, *The Romany Rye*, is an equally typical specimen of the modern sensational drama. It consists of seventeen scenes in low life, very elaborately put upon the stage, but somewhat monotonous. They are certainly, in one sense, very "realistic"; but they are not altogether satisfactory. Those which represent the life of Seven Dials and Ratcliff Highway may possibly be true to nature; but those which purport to reflect Romany thoughts and habits are entirely misconceived. Gipies are interesting, as any race which has succeeded in preserving a strong individuality amongst strangers and under un-

favourable circumstances must be; but they are a vagabond, dishonest, and thriftless set at the best, and are certainly not worth the fuss which some amateur Romany Ryes have lately made about them. The very fact, however, that so much has been written about gipies makes it less excusable on Mr. Sims's and Mr. Wilson Barrett's part to have produced a gipsy drama without one single gipsy trait in the whole of it. We cannot correct the many solecisms of the piece, because that would involve its entire reconstruction; but we may incidentally mention that English gipies do not call themselves *Romany*, but *Rommany*; that their maidens do not answer in their cryptic tongue when addressed in English by Gorgios; that the word for fortune-telling is pronounced *dookerin*, and not *duckerin*; and, lastly, that the expression *Rommany Rye* has come to be applied to Gentile gentlemen who take pleasure in gipsy society, and not to persons of the gipsy race. As for the sentiments which are put into the gipies' mouths and their general behaviour, they are about as appropriate as it would be to represent Albanian peasants holding a Salvation Army meeting.

The plot of *The Romany Rye* would be simple enough if it were not for the action; but it is so overlaid with irrelevant incidents that it is difficult to sort it out. Mr. Philip Royston, owner of Craignest, a magnificent estate in the country, and of another fine property in London, has borrowed five thousand pounds of one Marsden, a money-lender. In the course of some inquiries about the title, they find that Philip's father had, before marrying his mother, contracted a marriage with a gipsy, by whom he had left a son; unless, therefore, the proofs of this union can be suppressed, or evidence of the death of the boy procured, Mr. Philip Royston has no legal claim to Craignest, and can consequently raise no more money upon it. He, moreover, learns that he is in exactly the same position with regard to the London property, to which his pretty cousin is entitled. He is at the same time made aware that his elder brother is alive; and, being a person of what we must confess to be a true melodramatic wickedness, he determines to solve the difficulty by getting rid of his brother and marrying his cousin. This is reasonable enough; but it is less obvious why Mr. Marsden, who might surely have secured his five thousand pounds in some other way at less risk, becomes an active accomplice in carrying out these nefarious schemes. We had forgotten to mention that Philip Royston had committed "forgery" by signing a declaration to the effect that the estate was unencumbered. Mr. Sims's ideas on the subject of the criminal law are rather vague; this incident is as startling as the fact that in another modern melodrama, by another author, some one contrives to commit forgery by accepting a forged bill. It is needless to remark that neither of these acts constitutes forgery at all. Of course the missing brother and rightful heir, Paul Royston, is identical with Jack Hearne, the mis-called *Romany Rye*, who also inevitably falls in love with the unwitting London heiress. How these materials are worked out remains to be told.

The heroine, Gertie Heckett, a handsome retriever dog, and the Romany Rye, meet in the gipsy encampment, and the two human personages make love in the orthodox fashion. It comes out about this period that a girl named Sinfy Lee belonging to the tribe is being made love to by Mr. Philip Royston. Goliath Lee, a violent Bohemian, expresses his intention of chastising Philip Royston with a shot gun, and all the gipsy women present entreat the Romany Rye to follow and restrain him, or there will be murder done. In real life the Bohemian dames would only be anxious for him to take off his red neck-tie as likely to lead to identification; but on the stage they are horrified at the prospect of bloodshed. Jack Hearne, alias Paul Royston, arrives at Craignest in time to prevent murder, to assist in the discovery of a burglary in which Gertie's grandfather is engaged, and to inform his brother of his existence. After Philip and Marsden have arranged the details of their plot, we are introduced to Gertie's home in Queen Street, Seven Dials, a bird-fancier's shop with real pigeons and rabbits. The fair maiden has hitherto loved her old scamp of a grandfather in ignorance of his real profession, and is cast down at the discovery of his guilt. The villain Philip of course contrives to frighten everybody away from the shop by threatening, with the aid of "bogus policemen," to have them arrested for the burglary, and attempts to carry off the girl by force. He is foiled by the unexplained entrance of all Seven Dials and some real policemen, and Gertie runs off with the Romany Rye to the tents of his people. The next few scenes do not advance the action in the least, but afford a hideously repellent picture of the lives of thieves and swindlers, unredeemed by any humorous features. In the fourth act Paul and Gertie have got married, and are on board the *Saratoga* bound for America, where they hope to discover the proofs of his mother's marriage. These are, it is almost needless to say, in the possession of her grandfather, who accompanies them, having formed part of the proceeds of the burglary at Craignest. Sinfy now decoys Paul off the ship, which is not to sail for two hours, but naturally starts immediately, to Gertie's great dismay. The next few scenes are apparently an attempt to dramatize Dickens's collected works. Rogue Riderhood and another impossible villain kidnap John Harmon, and consign him to the custody of the old hag in *Edwin Drood*. He, however, foils their evil intent, and when the two ruffians are about to throw him from a boat into the Thames, he suddenly jumps up, knocks them down, and throws himself into the water—instead of throwing them into the water, and rowing ashore himself. John Harmon—we mean Paul Royston—having thus escaped, next appears before his brother and Marsden, who are discussing their murderous plans, and suddenly

throwing off his waterman's disguise, and exclaiming—if our memory serves us—"I am Hawkshaw the detective!" or words to that effect, appropriates Philip's pocket-book containing some more proofs. In the meantime the *Saratoga* has gone ashore at Falmouth; the heroine, while in the hold of the sinking ship, discovers her part of the proofs; the "Romany Rye" saves his young wife and everybody else from the wreck; the police arrest Philip and Marsden for an attempt to murder, and everybody is made happy.

Mr. Wilson Barrett threw much spirit into his rendering of the *Romany Rye*, and if he made the part more like a merry young Methodist than a gipsy, it was rather the author's fault than his own. Miss Eastlake made a pretty and unaffected Gertie Heckett, and Mr. Huntley, as Mr. Sims's Rogue Riderhood, was admirable. He did his murderous work, not with much declamation and rolling of the eyes, as is usual, but in a quiet business-like way, just as it might be done by a professional bravo in real life. The scenery is also extremely good, especially the mansion at Craigsneat, which is very prettily painted. *The Romany Rye* is anything rather than a well-constructed piece, and absolutely fails to convey any idea of gipsy life.

REVIEWS.

SPINOZA.*

TWO years ago the Spinoza Committee formed in Holland found that, after providing for the excellent statue by M. Hexamer which now marks the place of Spinoza's residence at the Hague, they still had surplus funds on hand. They wisely resolved to appropriate these, in the first instance, to the production of a complete and thoroughly revised edition of Spinoza's works—an undertaking which, for various reasons, was greatly needed. Only minute students of Spinoza can bear full witness to the faultiness of all existing editions; but no one can have made acquaintance with his works at first hand and not perceived that something was amiss. The bibliographical history is a tale of accumulated mishaps. To begin with, Spinoza's writings were never properly brought out under his own supervision. His "*Tractatus Theologico-politicus*" was published in his lifetime, but anonymously and clandestinely; his other principal works posthumously. It is certain or probable, indeed, that he had to a great extent prepared these for publication. But the *Opera Posthuma* contain manifest errors which could scarcely have escaped Spinoza's care if he had lived to set the last hand to them. As it was, they were brought out within a very short time of his death, and probably in haste, which may account for the incorrectness of the printer's work. Thus the first modern editor, Paulus, had in the original editions by no means a perfect text to work upon. He seems to have paid no critical attention to it, and his own edition, unfortunately, was ill printed besides; so that, while his performance was in other ways a most useful and laudable one, he left the text decidedly worse than he found it. Still more unfortunately, succeeding editors reprinted from Paulus, and repeated, with very few exceptions, all the errors his printers had introduced. These errors were, indeed, such as an intelligent reader might with little pains correct for himself, to the extent of restoring the sense of Spinoza's words, if not the very word that he wrote; and in most places no doubt is possible. But it is not the less true that such disfigurements ought not to have remained so long in the text of a philosophical classic. It is a graver matter that none of the editions is complete. Spinoza's early *Treatise of God and Man* remained unpublished and unknown till 1862, when it appeared, together with unpublished letters and parts of letters, and a physical essay on the Rainbow, published before the end of the seventeenth century but since forgotten and become extremely rare, in a volume edited by Dr. Van Vloten. This volume was purposely made uniform with Bruder's three-volume edition of the extant works; so that the possessor of the four volumes has nearly everything of Spinoza's in a handy shape—nearly everything, but not quite, for there still remained forgotten letters, noticed in one book or another, and afterwards overlooked. Thus there is a fragment of a letter among Boyle's works, and a whole one in Victor Cousin's library at the Sorbonne, to which Saisset had called attention by giving it in his French version of Spinoza, but of which, strangely enough, he did not take the trouble to print the Latin text. Then there are two autograph letters to Oldenburg in the Royal Society's collection, which preserve paragraphs omitted by the editors of the *Opera Posthuma*, and likewise throw considerable light, by the frequency of minute variations from the printed text, on the amount of revision bestowed by Spinoza on the drafts or copies which he retained. All these waifs and strays will be carefully gathered up and reproduced with critical exactness in the new edition of which the first volume lies before us.

The novelties, however, will appear only in the second volume; for the editors, Professor Land and Dr. Van Vloten, determined to bring out first the masterpieces of Spinoza's work which, as they

put it in their scholarly preface, are of primary value and show Spinoza's philosophy as a complete whole. Accordingly this volume contains the essay "De Intellectus Emendatione," the "Ethics," the "Tractatus Politicus," and the "Tractatus Theologico-politicus." These works are presented to the reader in a far more shapely manner than they have ever been before, and the notes by Spinoza himself to the "Tractatus Theologico-politicus" which modern editors have picked up from various sources are now for the first time, we believe, given in full in one and the same place. The editors' competence is well known to all persons interested in the subject, and we need barely mention it. Dr. Van Vloten has made Spinoza's writings his chosen study for many years; and Professor Land, in addition to an intimate acquaintance with Spinoza and the contemporary Cartesian school, is an accomplished Semitic scholar, and well versed in modern Biblical criticism—qualifications which for an editor of the "Tractatus Theologico-politicus" are of considerable importance. The appearance and mechanical execution of the volume are fully worthy of the occasion. Mr. Nijhoff has taken good care that the reputation of Dutch paper and printing shall not suffer in his hands.

We may conveniently notice on this occasion the English version of Auerbach's early romance, founded on Spinoza's life, which has lately appeared. The author, unhappily, did not live to see the publication of this—an event which his familiarity with our language and literature would have made especially welcome to him. The translation is in the well-known and handy form of the Tauchnitz series; and appears, from the examination of passages taken at random, to be as well executed as the average of such work. It has the important merit of being readable, and it sufficiently represents the general sense. But it is not free from the inaccuracy of detail which one constantly finds in English translations from modern languages, and which makes one doubt whether it is so easy to learn a language thoroughly by the light of nature as advocates of what is called a modern education seem to think. It is rather startling to find in the first chapter a misapprehension of so common a German idiom as *vor sich hin sprechen*. For "sprach noch leise das Gebet vor sich hin" (i.e. went on whispering the prayer to himself) the translator gives "repeated the prayer before him quietly," which is not only wrong, but without meaning. Sometimes the sense is gravely impaired by misapprehension of the thought. Thus "in ursprünglich unbefangener Weise erfasste er die Dinge der Erscheinungswelt wie die in sich erzeugten Gedanken" does not mean "he grasped the things of the material as well as the ideal world in a wholly original and unbiased manner, as though they were originated in him," which has the effect of ascribing to Spinoza the transcendental idealism of Kant and his successors. Auerbach knew both Spinoza and the modern philosophers too well to make such a blunder. The real meaning is that Spinoza brought the same speculative freedom to his philosophical consideration of the external world presented by the senses and of the inner world of ideas produced in the mind itself. Even where the translator's mistakes are less serious, inattention to the exact force of particles and collocation of words causes much of the point of the original, especially in dialogue, to be lost; and the manner appropriate to different speakers almost entirely disappears. Auerbach, being an artist such as few German prose-writers have been, was always careful to mark this. In the English there is no perceptible difference between the language of the acute and half cynical scholar, Van den Ende, his enthusiastic daughter, and her philosophic lover. But perhaps it is hypercritical to lament over the ill-treatment of German *doch's* and *noch's*, when in favourable specimens of dramatic adaptation from the French one may meet with solecisms like "council of war" for "conseil de guerre" (court-martial). After all, translation is a somewhat thankless task at best, and the people who could produce really satisfactory translations have for the most part something better to do.

So much fresh light has been thrown on Spinoza's life and circumstances since Auerbach wrote, that it is difficult to judge quite fairly whether his *Spinoza* should be ranked as a successful historical novel. That it is still about the best popular introduction to Spinoza, notwithstanding any objections of detail that may be made, we have no manner of doubt. It is true that we now know the facts to have been otherwise than the novel assumes them to have been. A material part of the plot is Spinoza's supposed love for Clara van den Ende, the daughter of Dr. Francis van den Ende, who instructed him in Latin, and probably in natural science. This has been ascertained to be unhistorical, though related not very long after the time by a generally trustworthy biographer. For the person whom the story represents as Spinoza's successful rival did indeed marry Van den Ende's daughter, but the official register at Amsterdam shows that it was twelve years after Spinoza was cast out of the synagogue and quitted the town; and the recorded age of the parties also shows that Clara van den Ende must have been a mere child at the time when Spinoza was her father's pupil. Auerbach, writing before this was made known, could not fail to perceive the artistic value of the story and to make use of it for his romance. But it is a question whether he would not have been justified in making use of it even if he had written with all our present information. Masters of historical romance have often allowed themselves greater license than this. Another mistake in the novel, but a smaller one, is that Spinoza is represented as conversing with his friends in Dutch. It was really a foreign language to him, as we know from certain fragments of letters which have escaped all but

* *Benedicti de Spinoza opera quotquot reperta sunt. Recognovunt J. Van Vloten et J. P. N. Land. Volumen prius. Hagae Comitum, apud Martinum Nijhoff. 1882.*

Spinoza. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. From the German, by E. Nicholson. Leipzig: Bernard Tauchnitz. 2 vols. 1882.

the present editors of his collected works. He wrote it with difficulty, and with apologies for his awkwardness in it. No doubt he spoke enough of it to make himself understood; but we are disposed to think he would have used Latin by preference in conversing with educated persons.

However, the value of Auerbach's work does not depend on the probability of the incidents or the minute accuracy of local colouring, but on other qualities not affected by its unavoidable defects in such points. First, it gives picture of the Jewish society in which Spinoza was brought up, such as could be drawn only from full and intimate knowledge of modern Judaism, and has not to our knowledge been given by any other writer on Spinoza. Dr. Grätz has brought together the historical materials with admirable industry and in good literary form; but Auerbach fills in the details of everyday life and observance, which the historian must either leave alone, or at best indicate slightly. No student of Spinoza can afford to neglect Auerbach's description of the training and influences under which his youth was spent. Again, Auerbach has detached Spinoza's philosophical thought from its technical forms, and exhibited it as a real power in his life, and capable of being a real power in the life of any one who chooses to learn from him. Technical students may think such work as Auerbach's unprofitable and superficial, inasmuch as they fail to find in it the minute criticism of particular doctrines and analysis of obscure points which they are accustomed, and quite properly so, to expect in philosophical treatises. But they will think amiss; for, though close technical discussion is necessary among specialists, it is not by such discussion that philosophy makes its way in the educated world. In order to interest the educated part of mankind, besides that small proportion of them who are minute historical and critical students of philosophy, in the life and work of any philosopher, you must show them that his doctrine is not merely an affair of the ingenious dissection and reconstruction of abstruse ideas, but has an intelligible and appreciable bearing on the conduct of life. And this is the service which Auerbach, following in Lessing's path, but using different means, has done to Spinoza. Whether for this purpose he has not, consciously or unconsciously, more or less sacrificed the artistic to the speculative interest of his romance, is a question hardly worth discussing. An impartial judgment could be formed on it only by a reader who should take up the novel without knowing anything of Spinoza from his own writings; which perhaps is not likely to be a common case, and, at all events, was not the present writer's.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
1790-1825.*

THERE is no question more irritating to authors, we believe, than What is the object of this book? but at the same time there is none which the critic oftener feels himself obliged to put, except, perhaps, How far is the accomplishment of that object a desirable one? Of course in works of pure imagination the application of either question may be illegitimate. The "literature of power" is its own justification; its winds blow, and have a right to blow where they list. But the "literature of knowledge," the books which apparently set before them some purpose of instruction, these are in a different case. We shall own that, on beginning to read Mrs. Oliphant's book, a considerable puzzlement as to its exact *raison d'être* took possession of us, and that the results of a very diligent perusal did not entirely remove that puzzlement. A book in three stately octavo volumes, devoted to the literature of a single country during a single generation, even if that generation be one of the most fertile in literary work recorded in the history of the world, seems out of proportion. It is not enough to give a minute and exhaustive account of the lives and works of the individual persons dealt with. On the other hand it is far too much for a general sketch of their circumstances, position, and accomplishments. Accordingly Mrs. Oliphant risks, and actually incurs, the charge of what may be called "betwixt-and-betweenness"—a very fatal one in literature. If she has any general views, they are lost in the multitude of details which she gives. If her details are multitudinous, they are yet too few to give a complete sketch of writers requiring such careful handling, if they are handled in detail at all, as Burns and Cowper, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Byron, Scott and Keats. The book is, in short, not a literary history; it is a collection of literary *causeries*, the attraction of each of which is not a little damaged by a lack of individual completeness, and, we must add, by a lack of critical power.

There is, we fear, no doubt that literary criticism is far from being Mrs. Oliphant's forte. We have hinted already at her singular want of general views. Almost in so many words she declines to give any reasons for the literary renaissance of the end of the eighteenth century. She seems entirely ignorant that it began long before Cowper and Burns; that, if anybody, Bishop Percy and the early editors of the old dramatists are entitled to the credit of being its founders; that the common notion which she adopts of its being a mere reaction against the style and school of Pope is shallow and incomplete; that though, as in all cases, no mere enumeration of the forces at work is completely explanatory, yet such an enumeration can be

given, and is, indeed, indispensable. That she has not got a grasp of the period she deals with is evident from her placing Blake, not side by side with Cowper and Burns, as one of the first three persons to indicate the result of the change, but much later in the book, and in a quite secondary position, with persons like Godwin and Cary. Another fatal defect is that, as far as we can see, Mrs. Oliphant has no appreciation of the existence of such a thing as prose style. It is not that she says wrong things about it, but that she apparently thinks nothing about it at all. Thus, in her notice of Southey, after speaking of his poems, she huddles up his prose works in two or three sentences, in which there is not a single word to give the unwary reader an idea that, all things considered, Southey was probably the best writer of English prose that we have had for a full century. So again with Landor, who is perhaps his friend's nearest rival in this respect. His life and his poems, or some of them (for of those exquisite short pieces which have literally no superior Mrs. Oliphant says nothing), are fairly dealt with. Then the *Imaginary Conversations* get a couple of pages, in which Mrs. Oliphant says that, being works beyond the comprehension of the general reader, they must be "content with a limited appreciation"; that "character is deficient in them"; that they are "one-sided"; and that they are "curious historical studies." That Mrs. Oliphant is aware that nothing ever written in English surpasses the best things of the *Conversations* in style appears only from the singular oblique disparagement that "scholarship teaches the mind to rank perfection of expression higher than truth to nature." This is a good copy-head; but it can scarcely be said to teach the reader how perfect Landor's expression was, and in what ways. And, if a history of literature does not teach the reader on these points, what on earth is the good of it? We have neither space nor inclination to follow Mrs. Oliphant through her book, and point out the various indications—sometimes subtle, sometimes plain enough—which show that she is deficient in some of the first requisites of the literary historian. It is sufficient to say that, with a courage and frankness which wins respect for her moral, if not for her intellectual, qualities, she admits that probably no woman can appreciate the *Jolly Beggars* and similar "riotous forms of mirth." But why, having done this, does she accuse male critics of "giving each other the word to praise" such things? Surely they may be allowed to like what they like. There are, moreover, two habits of Mrs. Oliphant's which we must own are irritating. She has apparently a craze to the effect that the English Universities never turn out men of letters—a craze which is insinuated throughout the book, and which finally breaks out in the remark that Peacock was, "as usual, without the University brand." We look at the contents of Mrs. Oliphant's chapters, and we find as the chief names those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Landor, De Quincey, Byron, Shelley, Bentham, Keats, Scott, Burns, Cowper. Of these, all but the last four were University men; Cowper would pretty certainly have been so but for the profession first chosen for him; and Scott if he had been an Englishman. Burns and Keats are, therefore, among the *di magiores*, the sole instances to prove Mrs. Oliphant's "usual" rule. The other pervading fault is a still more irritating tendency to harp on the physical characteristics of her heroes. De Quincey, Monk Lewis, Jeffrey, Moore, Bentham, can never be mentioned except as "little." De Quincey is finished off with the statement that it is "an undue honour to place this curious little monster in literature by the side of Lamb." We make no comment on the relative estimate, because it is absurd to compare the vast, though unequal, edifice of De Quincey's hackwork with the little masterpieces, carefully finished at leisure, of Lamb. But Mrs. Oliphant's faculty of judging either may be estimated from her remark on the "delicate wit" of the *Essay on Murder*. It must be owned that the principle of compensation is a grand one. Mrs. Oliphant cannot relish the "riotous mirth" of the *Jolly Beggars*, but she can relish the delicate wit of the set-to between the baker and the amateur. Far be it from us to decry the *Essay on Murder*. But delicate wit is perhaps the very last term of eulogy that can be considered appropriate to it by any one who understands the meaning of either wit or delicacy.

Although we cannot give high rank to this book as a history of literature, it would be very odd if so pleasant a writer and so practised a student of human nature as Mrs. Oliphant had not something to say which is worth hearing on the many interesting lives which she discusses. She has also what may be said to be the usual compensation for the absence of the strictly critical temperament—a great enthusiasm for the things which she does like and understand in literature. But it is on the men, and not on their works, that we like to hear her discourse best. She is specially copious on the personality of Cowper, of Burns, of the Lakists, of Lamb, of Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, even of some minor persons who have the luck to be in some way interesting to her. The section on Miss Austen is, all things considered, perhaps the best thing in the book, and is full of the pleasantest mixture of professional appreciation and hearty disciple-like enthusiasm. A thorough knowledge of what she is talking about here makes Mrs. Oliphant's criticism really valuable. Her essay on Burns is injured by that national determination to make the poet a much better and a much more wronged personage than he really was, against which Mr. Louis Stevenson has protested with admirable vigour and good sense. On Cowper, on the other hand, we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Oliphant is very hard. That he lacked vigour and nerve, that he was far too ready to accept the sacrifices of other people, that he wasted

* *The Literary History of England, 1790-1825.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

his youth in contemptible "pottering," may be very true. But surely his mental affliction accounts for all this. Again, Mrs. Oliphant's insufficient acquaintance with the purely literary part of her subject makes her undervalue Cowper's earlier poetical work. She seems quite unaware that the vigorous versification which, when in *The Task* it comes to be applied to subjects agreeable to her, she admires so much, and which was one of the most powerful solvents of the Popian frost, is fully discernible in the earlier work. It was clearly borrowed through Churchill from Dryden, and thus parenthetically connects Cowper with the older and better school of English poetry. But the funniest thing in this Cowper essay is a little outburst which makes us think of the assertions of wicked men that the one thing unintelligible to the feminine mind is the value of evidence. Mrs. Oliphant's theory has convinced her that there never was any question of marriage between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, or of love between Cowper and Lady Austen, or of jealousy between "Mary" and "Anna." To establish this she has to sweep away the positive evidence of Bull, the written words of Newton, and the famous poem, "The star that beams on Anna's breast." With reference to the latter constructions may of course differ. But as to the engagement with Mrs. Unwin, if it was not a fact, we have to face and choose between the following propositions. Either Mr. Bull the younger lied, or Mr. Bull the elder lied. Either Mr. Bull the younger forged Newton's positive statement, or Newton positively asserted what he must have known to be utterly and circumstantially false. The two Bulls and Newton being both men of unblemished honour, the servile male mind naturally accepts the positive statements for which they are jointly and severally responsible as final. But, says Mrs. Oliphant airily, "We by no means agree that the question is settled." Of course not; there is only positive evidence on one side, and there is a lady's opinion on the other; it is surely not too much to ask the gods to annihilate Bull and Newton in order to make Mrs. Oliphant happy.

One passage of Mrs. Oliphant's book we have read with a great deal of pleasure in these days of book-making. Among her minor stars she has to deal with the two Milners, the authors of *The History of the Church*. She points out very properly that Sir James Stephen has shot a fatal bolt at this book by exposing the fact that the authors dealt with Luther without understanding a word of German, and that they must, therefore, have relied on second-hand information. It is very much to be feared that the practice of writing about literature which the writer cannot read in the original is by no means extinct, and we are very glad to find Mrs. Oliphant protesting against it. There is, at any rate, no fear of the charge of second-hand writing being brought against her in connexion with this book. A considerable knowledge, and an equally considerable love of the subjects discussed, are evident enough in it, and, joined to the writer's faculty of easy narrative, they make it readable enough and interesting. Higher praise cannot, we fear, for reasons already given pretty fully, be allowed to it.

PARISIAN SWORDSMEN.*

ONE of the most attractive volumes issued in M. Rouveyre's series of publications included under the title of "Paris, Art, Lettres, Sport," is the Baron de Vaux's *Les Hommes d'Épée*, to which M. Aurélien Scholl has prefixed a preface, and for which illustrations are furnished by a list of clever and distinguished artists, in which are found such names as, amongst others, those of M. Berne-Bellecour, M. J. Jacquemart, and M. A. Stevens. M. de Vaux's book is, as a matter of course, interesting—it would be hardly too much to say invaluable—to the amateur of fencing who has anything of the scientific enthusiasm which belongs to the Baron himself; but it has undoubtedly sources of attraction also for any reader who loves a beautifully got up and beautifully illustrated book, a clear-cut and good-humoured style, and a happy turn for anecdote, which is always given in a well-bred manner. M. de Vaux's book, from the fencer's point of view, resembles the method of one of the many fencing-masters of whom he gives a sketch, in that it is full of instruction without seeming to be so. Indeed there is more to be learnt from the writer's curiously close and studied, yet unpedantic, account of the varying styles of various masters and amateurs than from any formal treatise on fencing which we have ever fallen in with. M. de Vaux has the fortunate knack of describing in an easy manner the methods of the people whose swordplay he has watched, so that the reader feels as if he also had watched it, and would know what to expect if he stood opposite to any of the swordsmen mentioned in the volume; while the critical remarks which M. de Vaux seems to make somewhat in spite of himself upon these different styles are not only interesting, but are full, if rightly taken, of valuable hints and explanations. The Baron de Vaux's extraordinary knowledge of the methods of attack and defence affected by all the fencers he sketches, as shown in the body of his book, lends an air of credibility to the anecdote related by M. Aurélien Scholl in his amusing preface. "The Baron de Vaux," M. Scholl writes, "proposed once a singular wager. It was that he should be blindfolded, and that then the twenty best-known fencers of Paris should have assaults with each other in his presence, one pair

after another; it being understood that they should not try to vary their usual form. The Baron undertook from hearing the play, from listening to the clash of the steel, and noting the pace of the parries, to name the fencers. Count S. accepted the bet, and lost."

M. Scholl also delivers himself in his preface upon the subject of the duel, and that he is competent to speak with the authority of experience is shown by some stories told by the Baron in his sketch of M. Scholl, the full force of whose play, he says, is known only to his intimate friends, since M. Scholl is of opinion that a journalist should never show all he can do in a public fencing-room. M. Scholl has had ten "affairs" in the first of which there was a near approach to a fatal result. Oddly enough, M. Scholl, although the duel was to be, which is rare enough, *à outrance*, had an affection for his adversary, and it was not until he found himself pushed into a corner that he "let himself go" and wounded his opponent severely in the chest. "I did not breathe freely," said the victor, "until I knew that he was out of danger"; and as this was not for five months after the duel, M. Scholl, as well as his opponent, must have had a bad time of it. On another occasion M. Scholl himself, having the sun in his eyes, was so severely wounded that M. Nélaton thought the wound was fatal, "which, however, did not prevent the wounded man from smoking his pipe in less than a week later, and going on the seventh day after the duel to the Opera." In his latest duel, which took place on the Belgian frontier between himself and M. Robert Mitchell, M. Scholl's wrist was pierced by M. Mitchell's blade, which broke off so that the end of it was left in the wrist like a skewer. Naturally, the wrist had to be bound up and the arm put into a sling. As the carriage containing the duellists—who had, of course, embraced "with effusion" at the end of the combat—and their friends arrived at the frontier, two Custom House officers approached, stopped the carriage, and made the occupants get down. "Take off that sling," said one of them. This was done, and then came the command, "Undo those bandages." "Pardon me," said the doctor, "my friend is wounded, as you can see for yourself, without undoing the bandage." "We know that trick too well," said the Custom House men; "you put on a bandage over an imaginary wound, and so smuggle lace past the frontier." One of M. Scholl's "affairs," says Baron de Vaux, "does not count, and that is the one which he had with Sarcey." This began, as most of such affairs do begin, with a quarrel in the press between M. de Villemessant and M. Sarcey. The editor of the *Figaro* at last sent a challenge to M. Sarcey, observing at the same time that M. Sarcey would certainly not accept it. M. Scholl, meeting M. Sarcey, who was a great friend of his, told him what had happened, and received for answer, "You can tell Villemessant I will meet him." Accordingly M. Scholl took this news to M. de Villemessant, who replied to it by betting a thousand francs that M. Sarcey would not fight; and in fact M. Sarcey's seconds presently announced that, on reflection, their principal would not fight. "You owe me a thousand francs," said M. de Villemessant to M. Scholl. "Not yet." "What do you mean? He has just said he won't fight." "Not with you; but he might with somebody else; no particular person was specified in the bet." "And with whom, pray, is he to fight?" "With me." The next day the *Figaro* contained an article which provoked M. Sarcey to unsheathe his sword. The duelling party started for Mons. They began in a ploughed field, the earth of which stuck to the soles of the duellists' shoes, so that they gradually assumed gigantic proportions. Then ensued this remarkable dialogue, in which it will be noticed that the duellists still kept up the use of the *tu*:—

Sarcey, essoufflé, demanda: "Veux-tu me laisser reposer un peu? Je n'en puis plus."

"Tant que tu voudras, mon ami," répond Scholl.

Before the five minutes thus allowed for rest were over, some gendarmes were seen approaching, and the party fled before them, only just getting to Maubeuge in time to escape. "We can't go back to Paris without the affair coming to anything," said M. Scholl, "we shall be laughed at—and," he added to himself, "I should lose my thousand francs." They went on to Baden, and there, after M. Sarcey's shirt-sleeve had been pierced several times, M. Scholl's point just touched his arm. A second coming forward pressed on the slight puncture to make it yield a drop of blood, and then it was declared that honour was satisfied, and the whole party went off to breakfast at the Hôtel de Russie. As they were drinking their after-breakfast coffee, M. Gaiffe, one of M. Scholl's seconds, asked the landlord, "Do many duels take place hereabouts?" "Oh no, sir, none." "Why is that?" "Because, sir, in the duchy of Baden the penalty for the offence of duelling is death." Never, says the Baron de Vaux, was a bill more quickly called for and settled than that of the duelling party.

Another duel of a humorous character was the first one in which another distinguished amateur, M. Théodore de Grave, took part. M. de Grave, who was then twenty years old, was studying law at Toulouse, when one day a student, whom he hardly knew by sight, came to beg his services as second in a duel. "It is impossible," said M. de Grave, "Why?" "Because I have never been on the ground myself, and therefore I cannot appear as a second." "Ah!" said the student, "we don't care for details of that sort here; besides, you will see a real duel, a duel to the death; I thirst for my opponent's blood; he gave me three slaps in the face!" "Three! How was that?" "Oh, he was in a rage, and once he had lifted his hand he could not stop himself. He has been in the Lancers,

* *Les Hommes d'Épée*. Par le Baron de Vaux. Préface par Aurélien Scholl. Paris: Edouard Rouveyre.

he comes from the North ; but I am of the South, and I will make an end of him ! " " What weapon do you use ? " " I have chosen the sword ; but I will fight him with whatever he likes, with axes, with poisoned arrows, with anything and everything ; I thirst for his blood ! " " Very well," said M. de Grave, " in these circumstances I will be your second." When the adversaries met, the ex-officer of Lancers was as calm and collected as possible, while the student appeared preoccupied, and displayed an extraordinary anxiety to know what was going on behind him. When the swords were put in the combatants' hands, the youth turned livid, his hands trembled, his knees bent beneath him ; " in short, he could no longer conceal the most unequivocal signs of the greatest poltroonery ; he was in a tremendous fright." M. de Grave, approaching his delightful principal, gave him a punch in the back, and threatened to pull his ears off unless he stood firm. Meanwhile the adversary of this personage who the day before had been so bloodthirsty, seeing what was going on, said, " It is evident that we have here to deal with a poitroon of the first water " ; and then, turning to his seconds, he added, " Forgive me for bringing you into such a farce as this ; but you see what comes of entering upon an affair with whippersnappers." At this M. de Grave advanced to the speaker, and observed that he quite understood his annoyance, but that he should not have included principal and second alike in the opprobrious epithet. He, for his part, felt bound to take up the quarrel. Upon this they fought, and M. de Grave wounded his adversary in the right side. When it was over, M. de Grave, turning to the wretched student, said, " As for you, you young idiot, I advise you to leave Toulouse as soon as you can, for to-morrow I shall do all I can to have you turned out of the law schools ; you are no longer worthy to take your place in them." " But," said one of the seconds, " he is not a law student ; he is learning pharmacy." Thus it was, says the author, " that Théodore de Grave, believing that he was throwing himself into a breach to save the honour of the law schools, fought in the cause of a druggist."

At the end of his book M. de Vaux gives a circumstantial account of the " duel Pons-San-Malato," which arose out of slighting remarks made by M. Pons during an assault given by Signor San-Malato. A duel between two fencing-masters ought to have something remarkable in it, and this duel was remarkable in this, if in nothing else, that it lasted fifty-five minutes, being ended by a slight wound given to Signor San-Malato. " The swords," writes the Baron de Vaux, " rarely touched each other ; the position of M. Pons, who is an experienced fencing-master, left much to be desired ; and we believe, with many others who witnessed the affair, that the only reason for the Baron de San-Malato being touched was that he chooses to pose as the *Rossi of fencing*." In a brief sketch of " le baron de San-Malato," M. de Vaux is careful to correct some false impressions current about the Sicilian master, as, for instance, that he came to Paris in a braggart spirit. On the contrary, Signor San-Malato, in a letter which he wrote to a Parisian paper, but which was never published, was at pains to explain that he came with two objects—" to enrich his knowledge of the art he professed, and to turn his skill to a perfectly legitimate profit." Of Signor San-Malato's style, M. de Vaux says that he is very strong and very quick. The author adds that he is both graceful and correct—a statement which is a little at variance with the previous reflections on Signor San-Malato's over-theatrical method. It is a pity that M. de Vaux's book seems to have been written before the arrival in Paris of Signor San-Malato's friendly rival, Signor Lantieri, who not many days ago gave a most interesting assault in London under the presidency of Mr. J. M. Waite, the English master, and who is said by competent judges who have watched both masters to be more " graceful and correct " than Signor San-Malato. There is a marked difference in style between the Italian and the French school, and it might be wished that M. de Vaux had dwelt more upon this. And it is the more to be regretted that M. de Vaux has not been able to say anything of Signor Lantieri's fencing, because the Italian master excels in one quality, that of headwork, which the French amateur particularly and justly admires. There is one inexplicable and disappointing omission in M. de Vaux's otherwise charming book—that of the name of M. Camille Prévost in the list of Parisian fencing-masters.

MAX MÜLLER'S SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.—VOL. XI.*

THIS volume of the *Sacred Books of the East* consists of seven Buddhist Suttas or Discourses, translated from the Pâli by Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids. This is the second volume of Buddhistic works, and it appears there are more to come. The Suttas in the volume are not classed among the canonical works, and neither Professor Müller nor the translator claims for them that distinction. They are works of high authority and very valuable as explanatory and illustrative of early Buddhism, but they are no more sacred than the writings of the Christian Fathers. Mr. Davids states that he has not chosen for translation the most interesting books, but has selected such texts as should give a good " sample of what the Buddhist scriptures on the whole contain." This he has found a work of some difficulty, as he has had to choose

* *Miller's Sacred Books of the East.* Vol. XI. Buddhist Suttas. Translated from Pâli by T. W. Rhys Davids. Oxford : at the Clarendon Press.

" from the stores of a nearly unknown literature " of vast extent. He gives the following short account of the Suttas he has translated :—

1. The Book of the Great Decease (*'te Mahâ-parinibbâna-Suttânta*) which is the Buddhist representative of what among the Christians is called a gospel.

2. The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness (*the Dhamma-chakka-pavattana-Sutta*), containing the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eight-fold Path which ends in Arhatship.

3. The Discussion on Knowledge of the Three Vedas (*the Teviggâ Sutta*), which is a controversial dialogue on the right method of attaining a state of union with Brahman.

4. The Sutta entitled If he should desire (*Akankheyâ-Sutta*), which shows in the course of a very beautiful argument some curious sides of early Buddhist mysticism and of curiously unjustified belief.

5. The Treatise on Barrenness and Bondage (*the Chetokhila-Sutta*), which treats of the Buddhist Order of Mendicants, from the Moral as distinguished from the disciplinary point of view.

6. The Legend of the Great King of Glory (*the Mahâ-Sudasana-Suttânta*), which is an example of the way in which previously existing legends were dealt by the early Buddhists.

7. The Sutta entitled All the Asavas" (*the Sabbâsava-Sutta*), which explains the signification of a constantly recurring technical term, and lays down the essential principles of Buddhist Agnosticism.

The age of these writings, according to Mr. Davids, " can be fixed without much uncertainty at about the latter end of the fourth or the beginning of the third century, before the commencement of the Christian era." But he somewhat qualifies this statement by stating that this cannot " be looked upon as anything more than a good working hypothesis, to be accepted until all the texts of the Buddhist Pâli Suttas shall have been properly edited." The Sutta form in which these discourses are written, a form especially used for helping the memory, seems to place their composition before the invention of writing, which art is mentioned in the *Dipavâna*, a Ceylon Buddhist work, as being known at the beginning of the first century n.c. This date places them at a short interval after the death of Buddha, which, according to Mr. Davids, occurred about 400-420 b.c. The authors of these Suttas are absolutely unknown. The Discourses are evidently not the work of Buddha himself, and it is difficult to believe that any of his immediate disciples could have spoken of him in the exaggerated terms in which he is occasionally described in these writings. Longer time would seem to have been necessary for investing him with such attributes as omniscience, sinlessness, and other divine perfections which are here ascribed to him.

The first chapter, the Book of the Great Decease, records of course the death and obsequies of Buddha. His body was burnt according to the practice then prevalent, " and neither soot nor ash was seen, and only the bones remained behind." A contention arose as to the possession of the relics, which was settled by the calm counsels of a Brahman, who divided them into eight portions among the disputants, while he himself asked for the funeral water-vessel, over which he announced his intention of raising a sacred cairn. The other recipients in like manner raised a mound (thîpas or topes) over their portions at places specified, and the embers and some other remains of the cremation were similarly covered. Cremation is still occasionally practised among the Buddhists, but burial is the more usual method of disposing of a corpse. Mr. Davids gives an interesting account of the burial of a Buddhist. A few hours after the death of a man his relations wash the corpse, cover it with a white cloth, and place it in a coffin covered with black cloth. A grave is dug in a grove of trees near at hand, whither the nearest male relatives carry it. The other male relatives and some mendicants make up a funeral procession, but no female relation is allowed to join it. The coffin is placed on two poles laid across the grave upon a length of white cloth, the ends of which are held by the mendicants. The people repeat the formula of the Refuges :—

I take my refuge in the Buddha.
I take my refuge in the Dhamma.
I take my refuge in the Order.

The priests reply :—

How transient are all component things !
Their nature's to be born and die ;
Coming they go ; and then is best,
When each has ceased, and all is rest.

The mendicants then slacken the white cloth, and, pouring water out of a goblet, they chant the following verses three times :—

As rivers, when they fill, must flow,
And reach and fill the distant main ;
So surely what is given here
Will reach and bless the spirits there.

If you on earth will gladly give
Departed ghosts will gladly live.

As water poured on mountain tops
Must soon descend and reach the plain ;
So surely what is given here,
Will reach and bless the spirits there.

The relatives then place the coffin in the grave, and each throws in a handful of earth. The white cloth is withdrawn, and then the grave is filled in. The followers retire and partake of a feast.

Buddha occasionally expatiated on and explained the phenomena of nature. On one occasion, in his wanderings, he and his followers felt the shock of a mighty earthquake, and on being asked what were the causes of this convulsion of nature, he replied that there were " eight proximate and eight remote causes." . . . " The great earth is established on water, the water on wind, and the wind rests upon space. . . When the mighty

winds blow the waters are shaken . . . and by the moving water the earth is shaken."

Mr. Davids estimates the second of the seven Suttas very highly for its value. He says, "There can be no reasonable doubt that the very ancient tradition accepted by all Buddhists as to the substance of the discourse is correct, and that we really have in it a summary of the words in which the great Indian thinker and reformer for the first time successfully promulgated his new ideas." This Sutta is very short, containing only twenty-nine verses, but in them Buddha lays down his "noble eight-fold path," which has become so famous as the essence of Buddhism. "1. Right views; 2. Right aspirations; 3. Right speech; 4. Right conduct; 5. Right livelihood; 6. Right effort; 7. Right mindfulness; 8. Right contemplation." "This, O Bhikkhus, is that middle path, avoiding those two extremes, discovered by the Tathāgata—that path which opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvāna."

The Tevigga Sutta treats of "Right Conduct," and consists of an argument used by Gotama, in a kind of Socratic dialogue, for the conversion of two earnest young Brāhmans. From a careful consideration of this Sutta two conclusions are deducible. 1. That the meaning attached to a word in Sanskrit is but very little guide to its meaning in Buddhist religious literature; and, 2. "That very little reliance can be placed, without careful investigation, on a resemblance, however close at first sight, between a passage in the Pāli Pitakas and a passage in the New Testament." Mr. Davids goes on to give the following interesting and important judgment:—

It is true that many passages in the two literatures can be easily shown to have a similar tendency. But when some writers, on the basis of such similarities, proceed to argue that there must have been some historical connexion between the two, and that the New Testament, as the later, must be the borrower, I venture to think that they are wrong. There does not seem to me to be the slightest evidence of any historical connexion between them; and whenever the resemblance is a real one—and it often turns out to be really least when it first seems to be greatest, and really greatest when it first seems least—it is due, not to any borrowing on the one side or on the other, but solely to the similarity of the conditions under which the two movements grew.

This is an important opinion, and it must be remembered that it is given by one who has not drawn his knowledge simply from translations, but from a wide and diligent study of Pāli Buddhist literature.

The fourth Sutta, called Akankheyya, is again a very short one, containing only twenty-one verses. It is addressed particularly to men who are seeking by their knowledge to obtain various objects of lawful desire. The true way to success is repeated as a refrain at the end of every verse in the following words:—"Let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him look through things, let him be much alone."

The fifth Sutta, the Chetokhila, is an argument for religious zeal and effort. "Zeal will be crippled in its struggle against barrenness and bondage by want of confidence in the teacher, his doctrine, his order, or his system of self-culture, and by want of concord with the brethren. And that zeal will be crippled in its struggle against bondage by sensuality, by sloth, or by craving after a future life in any of its various forms. If the disciple be strenuously diligent in the struggle against these things, he need not fear doubt, he will never fail." "When I first read this Sutta," says Mr. Davids, "I was irresistibly reminded of that passage in the New Testament where the exhortation to the disciple, 'giving all diligence' to add to his faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, &c. . . . giving diligence to make his calling and election sure. . . . The analogy is sufficiently close to throw considerable light upon our Sutta, but it touches only the barrenness. The bondage is specially Buddhistic."

The sixth Sutta, called Mahā-Sudasana, is a long one, and is a laudation of "the Great King of Glory," and Mr. Davids has prefaced it by a translation of a Jātaka or Birth-story of the same name and based upon the same legend, though there are some very considerable differences between the Sutta and the Jātaka. The Sutta is "a kind of wonderful fairy tale, a gorgeous poem, in which an attempt is made to describe in set terms the greatest possible king, in order to show that all is vanity, save only righteousness—just such a poem as a Jewish prophet might have written of Solomon in all his glory. The "Great King of Glory" possessed a thousand cities, the chief of which was Kusavati, eighty-four thousand palaces, and the same number of elephants, horses, chariots, gems, wives, &c., befitting a monarch of the highest dignity and power. Some supporters of the Sun theory have discovered in all this another variation of their favourite myth. But Mr. Davids is strongly opposed to this view, and certainly has reason, if he has not the imaginary conceptions of the new school of elemental theorists on his side. Whether indebted to a sun-myth or not for its first conception, "it is still essentially Buddhistic. . . . and no more shows that the Buddhists were unconscious sun-worshippers, than the story of Samson under any theory of its possible origin, would prove the same of the Jews."

The last Sutta, the Sabbasava, consists of thirty-nine verses, and its teaching is devoted to pointing out the way for the destruction of the Asavas. Mr. Davids leaves this word untranslated because he is unable to find an English word which will adequately render it. "Sin" in our meaning of the word is incompatible with Buddhist ethics. "Fault," "imperfection," and "stain" do not render its meaning, though they approach it. The explanation which Mr. Davids gives of it is that "in this Sutta it seems to be

used in a general sense, not confined only to the Asavas of sensuality, individuality, delusion, and ignorance, but including the more various defilements or imperfections of mind out of which those special defilements will proceed." The discourse professes to have been delivered by the Blessed One, Buddha himself. In one part he strongly denounces the belief in self and in a soul. A man

debates within himself as to the present; Do I after all exist, or am I not? How am I? This is a being; whence now did it come, and whither will it go?

In him thus unwisely considering, there springs up one or other of the six (absurd) notions.

As something true and real he gets the notion "I have a self."

As something true and real he gets the notion "I have not a self."

As something true and real he gets the notion "By myself I am conscious of myself."

As something true and real he gets the notion "By myself I am conscious of my non-self."

Or, again, he gets the notion "This soul of mine can be perceived, it has experienced the result of good and evil actions committed here and there; now this soul of mine is permanent, lasting; eternal has the inherent quality of never changing, and will continue for ever and ever!"

This, brethren, is called the walking in delusion, the jungle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet-show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion.

We have quoted largely from the Suttas themselves, and from Mr. Davids's comments upon them, as it is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at an adequate notion of their contents by any summary survey of the whole. They have been chosen for the diversity of their subjects, and for the purpose of presenting Buddhism in some of its many and varying phases. Nothing that has yet been given to the European reader presents so vivid a picture of the struggles of Buddhism with Brahmanism and the philosophical doctrines then prevalent in India; and how by its constant preaching, by its missionary efforts, and by making itself all things to all men to win them over to its views, it ultimately prevailed and became the religion of millions and millions of men. We conclude by expressing our overpowering sense of the amazing stores of Buddhist literature, and we cannot but see the inadequacy of Professor Müller's whole twenty volumes of "Sacred Books" to give a full and complete representation of Buddhism alone, if all, or even a fair proportion, of writings like these are to be included in the series.

THE GOLDEN PRIME.*

THOSE who care to read about "a sweltering, shimmering sea, silver on its crests, steel-grey in its shadows, heaving languidly from a dim horizon," cannot do better than study *The Golden Prime*; but it may be well to warn readers who have no taste for sweltering seas that the book has few other attractions. It is written in a jaunty, unpleasant style, the story is without particular interest, and the characters are singularly unattractive. Few things could be duller reading than the descriptions of the proceedings of the heroes and heroines when in Europe; but, when we are taken among the Lanuns, the Kayans, the Brunis, the Sulus, and the Dayangs, the interest flags so completely that the act of reading becomes purely mechanical. We cannot long distinguish Shahbandhar from Mudah Ibrahim; we confuse Balambangan with Tampasuk; we cease to care whether Datu Tomanggong or the Pangeran Madil is the greatest chieftain, and we soon forget the private histories of Ampuan Daoud, Makota, Mommein, Budrudeen, Hassein, Aysha, S'Ali, and a host of other characters which figure more or less in the story. We can well believe that Burong Pingé, Pandaru, Daat Island, Malamkasam, Limbang, Madalam, and Trunau may be very nice places, but it is rather difficult to know "t'other from which" without the aid of a map. Perhaps a small atlas will be bound up with a future edition. We make the confession that "the dull beat of a tumbum" that "pulsated" over some water altogether failed to charm us; that the waving of perangs, with the blade of which "the Kayan warrior will cleave a man to the shoulders," did not create the deep impression upon us that was evidently intended by the author; and that we failed to become excited at even such a soul-stirring anecdote as the following:—

One savage, gauntleted with brass wire, seized Rawdon by the sword arm, and dealt a blow which must have cleft his skull; but Sweeny grasped his wrist and tore it round, twisting him off his legs, and throwing him head foremost among struggling feet of friend and foe. At the next step he himself fell in a hole, and Pier seized by the throat a Kayan who stooped over to despatch him. The brute writhed like a snake, and that was no time for struggling. Lifting him by the breech-clout, Pier tossed him aside, upon the weapons of his friends, and aided Garrow to regain his feet.

"This is the heroic sport!" he breathlessly exclaimed. "At it again, Pier!"

We are afraid to say how many accounts there are, or are not, of revolvers, daggers, and wounds. There are "deadly fires," "aerial combats," "ropy limbs painted gules with blood," "broken teeth, gapped and opalescent," "eyes bloodshot, and long grey hair all loose." There is fighting enough to satisfy the most rapacious schoolboy. Now and then there is an "awful mêlée." "The dead and the wounded could not fall, but upright or drooping they swayed this way and that, breast to breast,

* *The Golden Prime*. A Novel. By Frederick Boyle, Author of "Camp Notes," "Legends of My Bungalow," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1882.

face against face." "Then suddenly the crush ceased, the pirates drew back, and corpses fell down, one on another, a wall betwixt the living combatants." "The mortally wounded and the dead of both parties had been pitched overboard," and "all the deck was slippery with blood." At last a round shot "smashed the Tomangong beyond recognition as a thing of human shape." Then the hero himself got into trouble. "A big old man, whose clothes had been ripped off him," "with all the strength of his knuckly foot, hard as a root" "kicked the prostrate man; then took him by the hair again," and so on. And it is not only in the countries of the Dayangs and the Kayangs that we meet with horrors. In an English village we read of a "horrid lane, bounded on one side by a lofty black church wall, on the other by a row of deus, windowless, foul, and reeking," in which "the narrow pavement glistened with foul moisture which oozed from the churchyard, where bodies had been mixed and heaped together for a thousand years." The horrid lane sounds apocryphal, but the horrid book is an unpleasant reality.

It is difficult for any writer to avoid contracting little mannerisms, or to escape the habit of using certain phrases too often. We can, therefore, readily excuse in a novelist the too frequent use of a word or expression, but we cannot compliment the author of the work before us on his fondness for such words as *damn*, *damned*, and *damnable*. Perhaps he is unaware that in these days a prejudice exists against language of this kind. The novel-reading public, again, has not yet completely shaken off old-fashioned ideas on certain theological questions, and it is scarcely judicious in a novelist to run the risk of offending readers and critics on such points. There are people who might not like to read of a "little widow" defending the idleness of an undergraduate on the plea that "it is recorded that Mary did not trouble about many things." Ninety-nine readers might perhaps be entertained with the exceeding wittiness of this remark, but it is possible that the hundredth might take exception to it as a piece of execrable taste. Others might not care to read that, "it may be that the wise King" (Solomon) "wrote under influence of dyspepsia, or gout, or toothache, or what not." Then in the second volume, when the writer is insisting on the fact, or fiction, that "an English lady considers it a law of Providence that gems and precious furs should be bestowed upon her," without thinking of the "agony the winning of such spoils may have entailed" on the poor, he proceeds to add that "the Church teaches her that poor people were born to work, for her advantage and comfort ultimately." What Church? let us be allowed to ask. Next to coarse language and blasphemy, one of the most disagreeable things in a novel is a pun. In the first volume of the book before us, a lady says to a youth, "Though your father was a prophet, you are not a king of Tyre," to which he replies, "Nor am I worthy to be Solomon's friend, though he, an impertinent boy no doubt, lived to be a master of brass," &c. "Oh," retorted the lady, "though not king of Tyre, you're tiresome."

Much as we dislike bad puns, we object even more to lame attempts at being poetical. Early in the first volume the author falls into an ecstasy over the days of his childhood. After observing casually that the faint odour of the nightshade fills his nostrils, he says, "Many a time by lovely waters far away I have longed with a sick pain to tread once more those sweet English meadows, and rest there for ever." It is likely enough that he may have experienced sick pains on waters far away; but they seem out of place at the end of a flowery paragraph about childish days, genial suns, sparkling shallows, flowing brooklets, shadowy holes, milk-white hawthorns, and shivering willows. Nor do we much care for his description of the pleasures of waltzing. "One is safe in predicating that the Venus of Milo would not have cared to feel a stranger's arm about her perfect waist; nor to hurry those majestic limbs in hysterical gyrations." "Jehanne's blood coursed no hotter for quick movement. She felt only warm and vexed and uncomfortable, borne hither and thither upon Sweyn's strong arm." Perhaps the hysterical gyrations produced sick pains in the warm and vexed heroine. Her partner, however, "was more fierce in his excitement. To hold this miracle of loveliness in his arms, to press her tight against his heart, had seemed such a hope as dreams alone could realize." "Strauss's music changed to an enchanting call, summoning him to joys divine, opening the gates of that Elysium which is youth's dream and manhood's despair." "Jehanne's sweet breath fired him like wine; her face, velvet red, her lovely eyes alit with vexation, maddened him. By an effort only he restrained from pressing his hot lips upon her hair." The heroine, we are told, "did not suspect, perhaps, her partner's intoxication; but she much disliked to find herself grasped so tightly." But it was not only with love that the characters in this novel became intoxicated. The principal hero is one day "somewhat flushed with champagne" at four o'clock in the afternoon; the vice-principal of a college is guilty of "drunken eccentricities," and a distinguished student gets into a condition under which he talks of "brandy and soda."

There is one point on which *The Golden Prime* may lay claim to some originality. We have heard of divers methods of love-making, but never, in the whole course of our critical experiences, have we read of a young lady wooing her future lord in the manner adopted by the principal heroine of this novel. Despising caresses, kisses, and blandishments, and remembering that the rod and reproof give wisdom, this strong-minded young woman whipped her lover so severely that marks were left upon his skin for many months after his castigation. The result was highly

satisfactory, as the corrected child was more affectionate after his punishment than ever. We have read of many didactic flirts; but it is something new to be told of a young lady encouraging her admirer with a sound flagellation. In this particular instance, however, we could not help wishing that each hero, instead of only one, had been submitted to the rod. Both of them were bullies from their boyhood. Their great idea seemed to be to hire roughs to do any dirty work that took their fancy, and they were ever ready themselves to kick or maltreat their fellow-creatures on the smallest provocation. In the first volume there is a great deal of flabby literary padding, made up of descriptions of Oxford life. The heroes were idle undergraduates who set the dons at defiance. Yet one of them succeeded in carrying off a great scholarship, or scholastic prize of some kind, without the slightest trouble. This youth took a special pleasure in vexing the souls of the dons, and his deeds of valour in this respect are duly recorded. Now we have seen a good deal of the escapades of undergraduates about the time indicated in the book before us, at the college to which there can be but little doubt the author refers; but we have never heard of any Oxford undergraduate stooping to such a base act as bribing low roughs to seize and ill-treat the principal of his college at midnight. Perhaps the best excuse that can be made for the writer is to express a hope that he neither is nor ever was an Oxford man, and we are strongly inclined to take this charitable view of his conduct on the strength of his blunder in making the Dean of St. Aldates pro-proctor. There are not many colleges in the neighbourhood of St. Aldates except Christ Church, nor many colleges at Oxford with deans as their heads except Christ Church, and there is no college that is spoken of as "the house" except Christ Church. Assuming, therefore, that St. Aldates is intended for that illustrious college, we may safely observe that the youngest freshman at Oxford would scarcely be guilty of such a grievous error as to suppose for a moment that so tremendous a dignitary as the Dean of Christ Church could under any conceivable circumstances be a pro-proctor. We think too that we are justified in defending our old University by saying that it would be a most unusual thing for the first and second in a great academical contest to celebrate the occasion by drinking too much champagne. Before concluding our notice of this novel, we will make one more quotation. The writer himself is speaking, and is giving his opinion on old servants:—

I myself have suffered grievously from old servants. The more affection they bear you, the greater nuisance are they—an ancient nurse the worst. She cannot be silenced. Always at need she has some absurd, inconsequential, delicious tale of your dead father or mother, fictions of their mutual love, their care for you in which she bore her part. Out on the crocodile!

It would be easy to write strong words about such a passage as this, but we will not weary our readers by offering any criticism where all criticism would be superfluous.

WANDERINGS SOUTH AND EAST.*

WE have heard an old man say that he well remembers how in his youth a traveller who had been so far as Constantinople was an object of great curiosity. How would our grandfathers have stared had they come across a man who, before he was five-and-twenty, had wandered so far east, west, south, and north as has Mr. Walter Coote? The easy way in which this gentleman compares the different places he has visited would have been enough to make their hair stand on end. They would one and all have exclaimed, "Aut Erasmus aut diabolus"—"Either the Wandering Jew or the Devil." Thus, when our author arrives at Rio de Janeiro he "recalls memories" he writes, "of Sydney Bay, and Smyrna, and Stockholm, and Stamboul, the Min River, too, in China, and the harbours at Hobart Town and Wellington, and San Francisco's Golden Gate, and Turkey's Bosphorus, and Naples's Bay." Why, by the way, he should mention both Stamboul and Turkey's Bosphorus we do not know. The "track chart" that he prefixes to his book shows, moreover, how far he has travelled. He was away from England between three and four years, and in that time he was constantly on the move. He would have done better, we venture to think, had he seen more by seeing less. Over vast portions of the globe he went at racing speed. From San Francisco, for instance, along the coast of America southwards to the Straits of Magellan, and northwards again to Pernambuco, he made a most hurried voyage. He certainly took, we must admit, a short trip in Chili, and he stayed for a few weeks on the river Plate. He may be right when he says that "perhaps no fourteen thousand miles of travelling could present a more varied list of experiences than this along the coast of South America." But he who is to describe "experiences" so varied should allow himself time to go through them with some degree of thoroughness. As Mr. Coote's travels would have been more useful to him had he seen less, so his narrative would have been more interesting to his readers had it been much briefer. We would by no means condemn his book as a whole. On the contrary, we have read it with a good deal of pleasure. He has an intelligent mind and an attentive eye; while his style, if it is deformed by many of those faults that are so common at the present day, nevertheless is at all events readable. But he is oppressed by a

* *Wanderings South and East.* With Two Maps and Forty-seven Wood Engravings. By Walter Coote, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

kind of conscientiousness which is the ruin of many writers. Very often he thinks it needful to tell us, not only what he did see, but also what he did not see. Thus, in his voyage along the American coast he had no time to visit Guatemala or San Salvador. Why, then, could he not have passed them over in silence? He touched at the harbour of Mollendo, whence runs a railroad to Lake Titicaca. Unfortunately he had no time to visit this lake; yet he thinks that he is justified in giving us an account of it, and of the island in it on which was born "Manco Capac, the Romulus of the Inca race." We feel that our justification for writing a like account is only weaker by one step than Mr. Coote's. We have had no time to go to Mollendo, while he certainly did get there. Nevertheless he no more saw Titicaca than we did, and the command of a library and of those authors who have written both of it and the Incan Romulus is as much ours as his. We, too, could quite as easily quote Prescott; for, as we are writing, his histories are on the shelves close by our desk. Should Mr. Coote take once more to his wanderings, and once more—as we sincerely trust he may—give us an account of them, we hope that he will tell us only what he has himself seen, and seen thoroughly. Previous travellers and the historians may well be left each in the undisputed possession of his own work. He would do well at the same time to prune the too frequent luxuriance of his style. He will go on simply enough for some pages, but then he makes an outburst. At times the descent from his fine style is so rapid that the effect is not a little comical. Thus he is describing the mountain track to the volcano of Hawaii—why, by the way, has this friend of our childhood taken of late to spell its name so differently? We no more like to see Owhyhee become Hawaii than we do to see the Seymons become St. Maurs. But to return to our volcano and our author's visit to it. He writes:—

Our track lay for some miles through a sort of scant jungle, then into a piece of dense and lonely forest, then out upon an almost barren wilderness of lava. The wealth of vegetation in the forest is simply wonderful. We rode under great ferns, not tree ferns, thirty feet high, and every turn of the trail disclosed fresh glories, lovely creepers, and great glowing flowers, and broad green leaves. We rested at a small native house at about the fifteenth mile, where we had a luncheon fairly cooked by two old Hawaiian women, and then proceeded on our journey.

The wealth of vegetation, the fresh glories, the great glowing flowers, and the rest might perhaps have done very well by themselves. Somewhat after the fashion of the scenes in a travelling theatre, they have of late done duty in all kinds of descriptions of all kinds of places. They are at present the common property of common writers, and do very well to hide the absence of the power of accurately observing and describing nature. But they are to be used with some degree of respect. They are meant to usher in some still bigger words, and not a luncheon fairly cooked by two old women. Mr. Coote, if he is well advised, will manage in his next book to dispense with the use of the word *weird*. No doubt it is in fashion now, especially among the ladies, who fall back upon it whenever their vocabulary fails to supply them with a suitable adjective. But, like sunflowers, it will have its day; and before many years have passed Mr. Coote's readers may be asking how gongs give out a sound that is not unpleasant but weird; and how a range of mountains can be lovely and at the same time weird in shape. A year or two ago we should have asked him to leave to the columns of the *Spectator* such a vile mongrel phrase as "it goes without saying." But the *Spectator* no longer has it to itself, for we have noticed it in the columns of the *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

By far the most interesting part of the book is the account that Mr. Coote gives of his visits to some of the South Sea Islands. He accompanied Bishop Selwyn in a cruise, and with him ran the greatest risks. They were bold enough to land on the very island in the Santa Cruz group on which Commodore Goodenough had been murdered but a few years before. "No white man had been there since September 1875, when punishment was administered to the natives on account of the murder." They first touched at one of the outlying islands, the natives of which were friendly, "as well they might be, since the Bishop had brought back to them in 1878 a man from here who had been blown away as far as the Solomon Islands, and whom he found a prisoner there." Some of these friendly islanders they induced to go over with them to the main island, "and, as it were, to introduce us to the chief there." They steered boldly into a little bay, and were soon surrounded by canoes. At first none of the natives had courage to climb the ship's side, but some pieces of "turkey-red" that were dangled before them at last overcame their timidity. "Turkey-red," it seems, had a far greater attraction for them than even a blue riband has for a courtier. "I shall never forget," writes Mr. Coote, "the frenzy of delight that was shown when we tied pieces round their heads. They trembled in an agony of expectation before receiving them, and when they had them on, danced and hooted, and yelled like maniacs." The scene was indeed frightful when the savages at last took courage and came on board. It is thus described by our author:—

Hundreds of natives soon swarmed up the side, and they seemed even a wilder and more uncouth-looking lot than those of the islets to the north. I can conceive of no more repulsive objects than were some of these men. Let a copper-coloured savage shave his head in parts. Let him gather up such of his crisp woolly hair as is not cut, into long, frizzly tails, which will stand out like spokes from the boss of a wheel. Let him dye some of these white and some scarlet, as his sweet fancy may direct. Let him smear his face with charcoal, relieving the monotony of soot, however, with scarlet or yellow streaks. Let his body be scaly like a fish's, from skin disease, and yellow in parts from the wearing or carrying of turmeric-coated mats. Put a thin mat between his legs and a large round shell plate upon his

chest; squeeze a dozen pearl shell bangles upon the upper part of his arms, and hang a ring through his nose, and twenty in his ears, not forgetting to smear his big, ugly mouth with the red juice of the betel nut; let him carry always and everywhere some twenty thick arrows, highly carved, tipped with poisoned human bone, and painted red and white; add to this interesting bundle a long red bow, and perhaps richly ornamented club—and you have the makings of a pretty considerable ruffian! Not one whit less terrible in appearance than this description implies were many dozens of the men that now swarmed upon the decks of the *Southern Cross*.

For a time an active barter went on, but trade could only have been one degree less alarming than war; for so eager were the savages when something was offered that they liked, and so overcome were they with excitement, "that they could hardly even shout, their faces being absolutely awful to look upon." When this had gone on for some while, the Bishop, with one of the friendly natives, ventured to land. It must indeed have been as Mr. Coote says, "very nervous work," not only for the brave Bishop who thus went alone among one of the most savage and treacherous races in the world, but also for his friends who watched him from the ship. In half an hour or so he returned, but again started for the shore, accompanied this time by one of his native converts—a Loyalty Islander—and by Mr. Coote. All three were unarmed. Our author was taken to one of the huts, where he sat in a dim light surrounded by men each of whom had his bow and his poisoned arrows. Happily the visit came to a peaceful end. It is interesting to find at all events one thing that we, or at least our children, have in common with these savages. They are fond of playing at "cat's cradle," and moreover "are very clever at it, taking and retaking the arrangements from each other for hours together."

From the Santa Cruz group the Bishop and Mr. Coote passed on to the Solomon Islands, where also they ran great risks. They offended a great chief by their ignorance of the law of precedence; in a rage he threw down an axe which had been given him. This was a sort of declaration of hostilities, and for a short while the Englishmen were in the greatest danger. At last it was discovered that a present had been made to a man of minor rank "before his position entitled him to one, and his superior was in consequence highly indignant at the insult." The great man was at last pacified. After all his passion was excusable; for the disputes that so often troubled the Court of Louis XIV. and fill the pages of Saint-Simon arose from much the same causes. A few days later they touched at an island in the Florida group. There they were received in a most friendly manner, and there they ventured to spend the night on shore. Yet only eight weeks after their visit Commander Bower and four seamen were massacred close by this very spot.

A curious contrast to this state of savagery is to be found in Mr. Coote's statement that "the island of Maui in the Sandwich group in 1879 was further advanced in telegraphy than London. . . . Telephones were in very general use among the planters." In one of the Fiji islands, moreover, he saw "two Saxon [English he means] children paddling their canoe along a river, with not a white man even near them." The naked savages who were walking along the banks or themselves paddling in their canoes had been cannibals but a few years before. But civilization brings evils in its train. Happy, indeed, would it have been for the South Sea Islanders had they never been discovered! Mr. Coote only confirms what we already knew from many other sources. Drink and forms of disease that were unknown are rapidly sweeping them away. The population of even the Sandwich Islands, according to our author, is not a tenth of what it was a century ago, and it is still dwindling. Yet here a liquor law is in force, and all is done that the law can do to keep the natives from getting intoxicating drinks. In those places—only too numerous—where the white men trade with drink, the extermination of the islanders must go on at a far more rapid rate.

We should have liked to touch on other portions of our author's narrative; but, unlike him, we are confined by a regard to space. If we have not hesitated to point out his faults, yet we have, we trust, said enough to lead our readers themselves to accompany him in his *Wanderings South and East*.

PERSIAN CARPETS.*

IN the general havoc which the spread of Islam brought about in Oriental art, it is fortunate that no ban was laid upon the manufacture of carpets, but that contrariwise the new religion gave a fresh stimulus to this famous branch of Eastern industry. Carpets are even more essential to the Moslem than pews to the Christian. The many prayers of the Mohammedan ritual must be said towards the point of the compass where Mekka stands, and no better indication of that point can be devised than that which the pattern of the prayer-carpet supplies. Moreover, the pious Moslem delights in decorating his sacred temples with hangings of fine tapestry, and the most exquisite products of the loom were frequently destined for the adornment of the holy Kaaba, or some scarcely less venerated shrine. Sometimes the whole interior of a mosque, such as that at Meshhed Ali, was hung with beautiful carpets; and the Mihrab, or niche towards Mekka, was always a favourite subject for such ornamentation, which in this case corre-

* *Die Persische Nadelmalerei Susandschird: ein Beitrag zur Entwicklungs-Geschichte der Tapisserie de Haute Lisse.* Von Dr. Joseph Karabacek, Professor für die Geschichte des Orients an der Universität Wien. Leipzig: Seemann.

sponds to the altar-hangings of Europe. Mats of a less costly nature were spread on the floor; and it is recorded that in 1012 A.D. the Mosque of El-Hakim at Cairo was strewn with 36,000 ells of carpeting at a cost of 5,000 dinars, whilst the Azhar required 13,000 ells of striped mats a year. The Kaaba at Mekka was covered with hangings in the "Days of Ignorance" before Islam was preached, and cloths from the Yemen, or a "white Chinese silk carpet," covered the shrine; and later on the famous white and gold fabric of the Copts, or heavy velvet or plush carpets, from all parts of the East, were employed in the decoration of the Mekka Temple. The rulers of the Mohammedan world vied with each other in presenting the richest covers to the Kaaba; the very Mongol Khans of Persia sent gorgeous hangings; and we read of a cover studded with gold and pearls and precious stones to the value of 250,000 gold pieces.

It is a carpet, not indeed of this costly character, but still a votive offering of great beauty and antiquity, that has furnished Professor Joseph Karabacek of Vienna with a text whereon to found a very learned and complete account of Persian high-warp manufacture, and to bring together in an orderly manner a vast number of facts relating to the history of the produce of the high-loom in the East. The treatise is a model of that stolid thoroughness which is the ideal of the German Fachmann. Dr. Karabacek examines his carpet with a minuteness which is almost confusing in its microscopic analysis of threads and knots. He weighs and measures everything that can be weighed or measured, examines technical terms and etymologies, traces every possible development and offshoot, and, in a word, has written a very laborious and heavy, but valuable, monograph. His authorities seem to be innumerable; but we are bound to say that one or two writers to whom he is peculiarly indebted are not to be found among the references with which his foot-notes abound. The carpet which forms the basis of this treatise is a fine specimen of the Susanjird kind, which, among the various sorts of weaving that go by the name of Persian carpet-work, has always held the first place. We read of the Susanjird carpets in the palace of the Abbaside Khalifs of Baghdad in the tenth century; and the nobles of the East were emulous of obtaining pieces of this fine work for the floors of their scarcely less magnificent residences. Indeed the Oriental collectors of the middle ages were worthy forerunners of our more modern fanatics, and the sale of a great man's carpets created quite as much sensation as the scattering of the Sunderland Library. We are told that in the sale of the carpets of the Fatimite Khalifs in 1067 a carpet fetched a thousand dinars—at a time when dinars weighed more than the present half-sovereign—and a Mamluk prince of the fourteenth century gave 70,000 pieces of silver for a silk carpet wrought with gold. Susanjird work was also highly prized in Europe. Byzantine palaces were found to need these rich carpets as much as the mansions of Baghdad, and the merchants were given *carte blanche* as to the price they paid for their commissions. Such luxuries were only for the very rich. Susanjird carpets appear always to have been confined to the houses of the great or the houses of God which the great chose to honour; but the anarchy which came of the Tatar invasions affected the art of weaving in a disastrous manner. Tamerlane, though his exploits were embroidered on the old tapestry which the Persian ambassador brought to Philip III. of Spain, was a chief destroyer of the skill which depicted him; and, after a gradual course of decay, the modern aniline dyes gave their inevitable *coup de grâce* to a beautiful and ancient branch of art industry.

Why it was called Susanjird is a matter of dispute. Some take it from the name of a village by Baghdad; others would have it "made at Susa," or derive it from "Susan," the sword lily. Dr. Karabacek prefers to consider it simply as meaning "needlework." Whatever the origin of the name, it designates a loom embroidery which, though it may be of various kinds, possesses a distinct character of its own. Susanjird may be knotted (like plush), or plaited (like Gobelin work), or it may combine both methods; but its essential characteristic is flat relief. The combination of the knotting and plaiting (which was not done as it is in the present day) gave the work a peculiar character. The Susanjird carpet has the effect of a picture; the embroidery is like painting; and the general impression is soft and delicate. The subjects represented are either figures or conventional ornaments; and the figures include, not merely animals, but maps and plans of towns, like mediæval work "cum historiâ" or "à ymages." The ornamental work is chiefly derived from the vegetable world, and corresponds to the European designation "à arbres." In writing of Persian art it is scarcely necessary to remark that the treatment is essentially symbolic. The lion or the eagle is represented as the symbol of power or rule; indeed, on a gold border in the Vienna Museum the figures are explained by the Arabic word for "dominion," and another piece has "sultan" under a lion's figure. A descending eagle signifies bad luck, but a flying or standing eagle means good luck; while the unicorn welcomes the advent of a good prince. Hounds and leopards for hunting occur in Persian patterns, and stand for fame or increasing honour. More interesting are the ornamental designs derived from trees and flowers—the embroidery "à arbres." The great source of the majority of Persian carpet-patterns is the Tree of Life, the straight trunk with long regular parallel horizontal branches terminating in buds, which pervades all Eastern and much Western decorative art. "Sometimes on Persian rugs the entire tree is represented, but generally it would be past all recognition but for smaller representations of it within the larger. In Yarkand carpets, however, it is seen filling the

whole centre of the carpet, stark and stiff, as if cut out of metal. In Persian art, and in Indian art derived from Persian, the tree becomes a beautiful flowering plant or simple sprig of flowers; but in Hindu art it remains in its hard architectural form, as seen in temple lamps, and the models in brass and copper of the Sacred Fig as the Tree of Life." We quote this from the *Handbook to the British Indian Section of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878*, by Sir George Birdwood, C.S.I., who was the first to discover and explain, with as much learning as lucidity, this puzzling type of Eastern ornament. It is Dr. Karabacek's complete acceptance of Sir George Birdwood's theory, with the omission of his name, that justifies what we have said about his list of authorities. The discussion of this division of the subject forms the most interesting part of Dr. Karabacek's book; and it is, to say the least, unfortunate that he should have happened to overlook the name of the author whose brilliant *Handbook* (pp. 124-132) was presumably the source of his ideas. It is extremely curious to trace the history of the Tree of Life (and the Tree of Healing, for there are two kinds in Persian decoration) through its various stages, and to find its head in the "knop and flower," or "cone and flower" pattern, as we recognize it on Assyrian marbles and Egyptian wall-paintings, on Indian monuments, Cashmere shawls, and Italian brocades; in the Greek "honeysuckle and palmette" scroll, and the Renaissance "shell"; and the "tongue and dart," "egg and tongue" patterns in classical mouldings. The persistence of the Tree of Life, or the pattern formed from its head, in Eastern and Western decorative art is very remarkable, and, it should be added, very admirable. It is something to add a beautiful meaning to a beautiful form; and Sir George Birdwood has only too much reason for lamenting the general absence of such symbolism in modern decoration.

The general effect produced by a close study of Persian textile fabrics tends to confirm our impressions of the nature of the Eastern genius. In art, at least, the Oriental is not creative. His imagination is wonderfully active and versatile, but it is not a creative imagination. His genius lies in transforming and developing, not in making. How extraordinary that transformative imagination has been may be seen in the wide applications and developments of two such simple elements as the Tree of Life and the knop and flower pattern. But we do not find a creative imagination in the Persian artist; he moulds, but he does not originate. His work is not the less true or great, but it is distinct. A considerable interest belongs to the branch of art industry described by Dr. Karabacek, inasmuch as it is the origin of high-warp tapestry. That the *Tapisserie de Haut Lisse* was derived from the East seems beyond a doubt. At the end of the twelfth century the Paris statutes make mention of "tapicier sarrazinois," in contrast to "fabriques de tapis nostrez," and in 1302 we hear for the first time of an "autre manière de tapicier que l'on appelle ouvriers en haute lice." It was probably about the time of the Second Crusade that this Oriental high-warp tapestry found its way into France. At all events, that it did come there from the East is scarcely open to dispute, and the fact adds additional interest to the early specimen of this beautiful art which Dr. Karabacek, following Sir George Birdwood, has so exhaustively described and illustrated.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE work of Commander Gorringe on Egyptian obelisks (1) is one of those solid, laborious, and expensively executed publications that form so honourable a feature of American literature. Neither author nor publisher (in this case identical) can possibly hope that they will pay. As a rule, their very character, and commonly their subject, puts extensive popularity out of the question; and hardly any circulation would repay the double cost of labour and execution. They must therefore be written and published only by enthusiasts, and enthusiasts who can afford to spend money as well as thought, time, and often expensive investigation, upon their subjects. Cost, indeed, as we have often remarked, never seems to interfere with the publication of really valuable American works; and the large number of books published at the cost of private persons, as well as of the Government, which can hardly hope to find a demand among the public, which must, for the most part, be confined to great libraries, and no doubt largely given away even to these, reflects the highest honour on American students. It proves, moreover, how large a number of students, in the highest sense of the word, are to be found in every class and pursuit, and not least in that profession which is in this country perhaps the least studious. American officers of the navy, the cavalry, and the infantry, as well as of the scientific branches of the profession, are among the most industrious and most distinguished of American authors. Captain Gorringe's work has evidently been suggested by the removal of the great obelisk which now forms the principal ornament of the Central Park, New York. We need not remind our readers that this monument was brought over by the author; that all the elaborate and very difficult arrangements necessary to raise and remove it, to place and secure it on shipboard, to disembark and set it up, were devised and superintended, from the first detail to the last, by him. If we are to suppose that Mr. Vanderbilt, whose vast

(1) *Egyptian Obelisks*. By Henry H. Gorringe, Lieutenant-Commander U.S.A. London: Trübner & Co. New York: published by the Author.

[June 24, 1882.]

wealth defrayed the expense of the transportation, has completed his part by defraying the cost of this splendid record of the work, we must account the present treatise an exception to the general rule that books of this class are given to the world at the cost of authors who must in general be men of limited means. The larger part of the volume is of course devoted to the American obelisk, but it contains accounts, briefer but still complete, of those erected in London, Paris, and Rome; and what Americans would call the balance of its pages is devoted to a simple, popular, and lucid, if not very full, account of all that is known respecting the original excavation, elaboration, and transport of these gigantic monoliths. The perfection of their carving with tools that may have been either of bronze or iron, but, in spite of Captain Gorringe's suggestion, can hardly have been of steel, is not less marvellous than their transport from the Syenite quarries to the various distant cities in which they were set up, with the limited mechanical means at the command of the Egyptian monarchs. Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole volume is that which records the few preserved memorials of this gigantic labour, the statements of one or two Egyptian officials of the tasks of this kind which they accomplished, and the means they employed.

We have noticed at some length the former volumes of the United States Official Survey of the States and Territories West of the 100th Meridian. The seventh volume now before us (2) is devoted to the archaeology of this region, and is just as full, elaborate, and minute as all its predecessors. The antiquities of the country in question are not very numerous or very instructive. They testify to the existence on either side of the Rocky Mountains of an elementary civilization closely resembling the earliest known to the Old World, an age of stone weapons and implements of bone and horn, before iron, or even copper, had been rendered available for human purposes. As in Europe, however, so in America it is quite possible that this lowest stage of civilization may have been practically contemporaneous with an age of bronze or copper. The vast supplies of the latter metal found on the shores of Lake Superior, and almost certainly used, with much freedom and for many purposes, by that great people whose earthen monuments are still the wonder and perplexity of the world, may have been confined to the eastern side of the great desert at a time when on the west a race analogous to or kindred with the inhabitants found there by the earliest European settlers shot down their game with arrows tipped with bone, and fought their enemies with the rudest of stone tomahawks. It is, indeed, quite possible that the relics described in this volume are of a comparatively recent date. Most of them might have belonged to the Digger Indians, or even to those superior tribes the relics of whom still endeavour to maintain a precarious existence in the same country. It is certain, though rather strange, that the tribes of the Pacific coast were inferior both in war and in peace, as well as in the stage of progress attained, to the hunters and warriors of the Lakes and the Atlantic seaboard. The most striking peculiarity of the American relics here described is the multitude of pipes found among the arrow-heads, bone needles, celts, and other utensils and weapons. Their size and elaboration are alike remarkable, and indicate that tobacco was at least as important a luxury among the semi-savages of California and Oregon as among the Turks or Germans of our own day.

Mr. Roosevelt's *Naval War of 1812* (3) differs from most American histories on the point that is, with few exceptions, perhaps their most universal characteristic. It shows very little disposition to undue national self-laudation, and none whatever to abuse or depreciate the enemy. It is quite possible that, as Mr. Roosevelt affirms, English historians, at once mortified and perplexed by the repeated defeats of our navy in its encounters with American cruisers, had exaggerated the material superiority of the latter. It is, however, perfectly evident, even from Mr. Roosevelt's own account of the facts, that this superiority did, as a general rule, exist, whether or not it completely accounts for the general, and often signal, successes of his countrymen. It is beyond doubt, even on his own showing, that the so-called American frigates, if not as strong as our seventy-fours, were far superior to those ships to which they were opposed—that they were not frigates in the English sense at all. This is a point of more importance than it seems, since it was a point of naval honour that an English frigate should not flinch from a hostile frigate of superior force, while it was understood that she would not attempt to encounter a line-of-battle ship, and that in naval battles the latter would hardly condescend to fire upon frigates unless first attacked by them. Thus, by giving the name of frigates to a nondescript between the frigate and the liner, the Americans practically both challenged and at first ensnared inferior antagonists. Indeed, so plain is in most cases the tremendous superiority in weight of broadside and number of men enjoyed by the Americans that Mr. Roosevelt is driven to a rather curious form of comparison. British frigates, he says, had often encountered French or Spanish vessels quite as superior to them as any of their American antagonists, and had rarely failed to conquer them; therefore it was a glorious thing for an American vessel with four hundred men and a broadside of eight hundred pounds to capture a British frigate with three hundred men and five-hundred-pound weight of shot. It is

obvious that this comparison proves only that the Americans were superior to French and Spaniards, but inferior to the British. And, in justice to the French, it must be set down that America had a first-rate nursery of seamen in the fishing-smacks and coasters of her rocky Northern shores, and had not, like France, been for many years practically excluded from the sea by the irresistible superiority of the British navy. Both on the lakes and on the ocean the Americans fought well; but on sea as on land they never encountered England on equal terms. In the first place, they fought us only when we were engaged at the same time with other and much more powerful enemies; the whole strength of America contended against at most the left arm of England. Next, American generalship always contrived to ensure a vast practical superiority of numbers, strength, or position; and most of these maritime victories remind us of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans, when the veterans of the Peninsular War never came within reach of their skilfully sheltered antagonists; if not of Bunker's Hill, when, as soon as, under a murderous and unreturned fire, our troops mounted the parapet, the "heroes" of Massachusetts ran for their lives. The famous encounter between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* afforded perhaps the fairest test of comparative equality; the inexperience and indiscipline of the American crew being in some measure countervailed by the superiority of the vessel. But, as a rule, the American gunnery seems to have been as superior as the weight of the American broadside.

We cannot give the same or similar praise to General George Gordon's Diary of the War of 1862 (4). The writer seems, indeed, a little ashamed of his tone, which is throughout not merely abusive, but unfair. He pleads that, in publishing at this date the notes, often hastily written amid the broken leisure of the garrison or the bivouac, he must, to preserve *vraisemblance* and interest, reproduce his thoughts as they were set down at the time, and that at the time bitter animosity and violent reviling were matters of course. There is some truth in the plea; and it is beyond question that the temper of the Northern armies was as bad as it well could be, Mr. Lincoln and his Ministers invariably discouraging those who, like McClellan, adhered to the ordinary usages of war, and refusing to investigate the strongest charges preferred against men like Butler, Hunter, and Milroy, much more against successful generals like Sherman and Sheridan. Under such chiefs, it was to be expected that an army should indulge in unsoldierly language as in unsoldierly conduct. But for the temper of the North and its army no other excuse can be preferred. They were the aggressors, they were the invaders; and in scarcely a single instance did their ferocity receive such excuse as might be furnished by retaliation. Even when prisoners were shot in cold blood, without such pretext as Washington preferred for the murder of André, President Davis and General Lee could not be provoked or persuaded to sanction reprisals. It certainly would have contributed to render General Gordon's diary pleasanter reading had he suppressed the offensive adjectives and epithets which, even while the war was raging, did little credit to himself or his comrades. Even the word rebel, as applied to the Confederates, will be treated by impartial historians familiar with the Constitution of the United States as a mere term of abuse. For the rest, there have been few civil wars in which constitutional and legal right, as well as provocation, were so obviously on the side of those on whom the fortune of war has fixed the charge of rebellion.

Another, the seventh, volume of Messrs. Scribner's "Campaigns of the Civil War" (5) deals with the achievements of the army of the Cumberland. From the battles of Mill Springs, Perryville, and Murfreesboro', to those around Chattanooga, in which the Confederates were commanded by Johnstone, and afterwards by Bragg, the Federals by Buell, Rosencrans, and Grant, no single campaign of the war, perhaps, contributed more than this to its decision. Though the main force of both sections was concentrated in Virginia, and though the final blow was struck, as the first disaster of the North had been suffered, within the limited area around Richmond so fiercely contested from first to last, it was not in Virginia that the strength of the Confederacy was broken, or its weakness proved. The South could have afforded to lose its hold on Richmond and Northern Virginia, perhaps on the whole State, and yet have maintained its independence and recovered the frontier of the Potomac. It could not afford to lose the Mississippi, a loss which practically cut it in two; and first Bragg's inability to hold his ground in Kentucky, and next the disasters which drove him into the south-eastern corner of Tennessee, and finally gave the Federal Government the control of that State, virtually decided the command of the great river. If the Confederates could not hold their own in the West in the open field, it must have been clear even to themselves that they had little chance of retrieving their disasters upon the river itself or by means of the fortresses on its banks against the victorious armies, the crowd of gunboats, and the irresistible artillery of the enemy.

Dr. Adams's *Manual of Historical Literature* (6) is a laborious, and perhaps not perfectly successful or complete, but certainly a very useful, work. It contains large and extensive, if not absolutely

(2) *Report of United States Geographical Surveys West of 100th Meridian*. Published by authority of the Secretary of War. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

(3) *The Naval War of 1812*. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

(4) *War Diary of Events in the Great Rebellion*. By George H. Gordon. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(5) *The Army of the Cumberland*. By Henry M. Cist. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(6) *Manual of Historical Literature*. By C. H. Adams. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

perfect, lists of the best historical works on each geographical and chronological province of history, and gives a sufficiency of information respecting each, really to assist and perhaps to guide the choice of a judicious reader. The general portions of the work are not unworthy of attentive perusal; while, by turning to those chapters which deal with the topic in which he is specially interested, the student will be able to ascertain for himself what course of reading will meet his requirements, or, if too ill-informed or too idle for this, will find such a course generally laid down for him, and with few exceptions judiciously laid down. The book supplies a real and much felt want, a want perhaps even more distinctly felt in America than in England. Of *The Eclectic History of the United States* (7) we cannot say the same. It simply adds one more to the long list of unreadable school histories, which might almost as well remain unread for any idea of real history they convey to the student. It is broken up into heavy paragraphs, after the odious fashion so popular with the American periodical press and with American text-books at large, and is devised rather to assist the scholar in answering examination papers than to give him anything like a real knowledge or intellectual grasp even of the outlines of the subject.

We have received this month four more or less ambitious and more or less useful, or at least careful, treatises on questions of economic speculation, none of them wholly sound, nearly all characterized by errors, national or personal, arising out of American popular prejudices, or out of the individual bias of the author. Mr. Weeden's *Social Law of Labour* (8) and Mr. Hawley's *Capital and Population* (9) are, on the whole, written from a tolerably well-chosen standpoint, and tend generally in the right direction. But the unhesitating and peremptory tone in which the writers venture to correct and contradict men of authority infinitely higher than their own, to pronounce Mr. Ricardo or Mr. Mill, as well as Mr. Thornton or Professor Cairns, "wrong," "mistaken," "prejudiced," does not tend to raise the reader's respect either for their judgment, their taste, or their real knowledge of the subject. Neither volume can be recommended as instructive to the beginner, who must necessarily accept its statements with more or less implicit confidence; neither contains very much that the advanced student of political economy has not read before, or will contribute greatly to his knowledge of the disputed points of the science. Mr. Willson's treatise on *Currency* (10) certainly does not fulfil the promise of the preface, to embody in few simple propositions the ascertained and generally accepted principles of monetary science. Several of the principles laid down are neither self-evident nor generally admitted; and the author's attack on the management of the Bank of England, and on the treatises of Professor Bonamy Price and other writers on the subject, display as much ignorance as arrogance. It might be necessary to explain to a young student, it ought not to be necessary even to hint to a professed teacher even of the elementary principles of currency, what is meant by the statement that the notes issued against securities have never been touched by a run upon the bank, and never could be. Mr. Willson is too thoroughly possessed by his own theories, or too ill acquainted with the facts, to understand that fifteen millions of notes permanently issued against securities fall far within the minimum of public demand. It is the proportion of the bank's notes issued against gold alone which fluctuates, which might be in a conceivable crisis presented in large masses for payment. The case in which the circulation should be reduced below sixteen millions is not within reasonable contemplation, and therefore the notes issued against securities, and practically the entire circulation of the bank, are absolutely secured. Upon the general question whether a paper currency should be issued by the State or by authorized banks holding State securities, Mr. Willson has more to say that is worth hearing, though even here he sees but one side of his subject, and fails to understand that the banking system affords a guarantee against over-issue which in the case of a State currency it would be very difficult to provide. Mr. Walker's less ambitious pamphlet on *Money, Trade, and Banking* (11), contains fewer downright errors, but its definitions are not perfectly satisfactory or quite in accord with those adopted by the best authorities.

Mr. Nash, who has spent two years in Oregon (12), professes a misgiving lest his account of his adopted State should read rather too much like a two-years'-husband's praises of the fireside charms of his wife.

Miss Caroline Dall has spent a seven months' holiday, chiefly in California, travelling also somewhat hastily through Colorado and Utah; and, like everybody else who has visited these States, has a great deal to say in their praise (13).

(7) *The Eclectic History of the United States*. By M. E. Thalheimer. Cincinnati and New York: Van Antwerp & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *The Social Law of Labour*. By W. B. Weeden. Second Edition. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1882.

(9) *Capital and Population*. By F. B. Hawley. New York: Appleton & Co. 1882.

(10) *Currency*. By H. B. Willson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

(11) *Money, Trade, and Banking*. By J. H. Walker. Boston: Houghton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(12) *Two Years in Oregon*. By Wallis Nash. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(13) *My First Holiday*. By Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

The climate, the soil, the society of the Golden State are all, by general admission, charming, with certain drawbacks in the want of water, in the presence now of Chinese, now of scarcely less barbarous men of unmixed European race. Oregon is far less attractive to the traveller and to the ordinary settler, but promises in due time to obtain its fair share of that slow but steady migration which is gradually filling up the more favoured districts of the Pacific seaboard. Mr. Nash has the advantage in this respect, at least, that for one book on Oregon there are at least a dozen already published in praise of California.

Miss Jewett's *Country Byways* (14) is a pleasant, readable, if not very instructive, collection of essays on the beauties of autumnal and other scenery, and the various thoughts it suggests to a somewhat fanciful mind, interspersed with not less readable stories and anecdotes.

Miss Church's *Money-making for Ladies* (15) is a simple, clever, but perhaps over-sanguine account of the different methods open to ladies in America, and to some extent in Europe, for making an income or adding to one. It discusses the possibilities and opportunities of boarding-house keeping, of preserving fruit, what may be done with the needle, and what in teaching or in literature, as well as a variety of more strictly professional businesses. Perhaps the pleasantest, and not the least instructive, chapters are those on gardening, poultry, and bee-keeping, which afford some useful suggestions even to ladies not especially anxious to make money, but aware that their outdoor pursuits ought not to squander it.

Dr. Brooks's *Handbook of Invertebrate Zoology* (16) is technical to the last degree, especially in its terminology, and wholly beyond the criticism of any but a specialist; somewhat too large perhaps as a companion in "sea-side work," if not for the laboratory.

The *American Almanac* (17), edited by the present Librarian of Congress, is not inaptly called a treasury of facts.

Mr. Samson's pamphlet in denunciation of the Revised New Testament (18) much resembles in tone and line of argument the criticisms of the *Quarterly Review*; and, like these, is directed chiefly against the Greek text adopted by the revisers, which the writer characterizes as founded on Egyptian copies rejected by the Greeks and by all the Churches of all ages.

(14) *Country Byways*. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

(15) *Money-making for Ladies*. By Ella Rodman Church. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(16) *Handbook of Invertebrate Zoology*. By W. H. Brooks. Boston: S. Cassino. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(17) *American Almanac for 1882*. By A. R. Spofford. New York: American News Company.

(18) *Text for the Revised New Testament shown to be Unauthorized*. By G. W. Samson. Cambridge, Mass.: M. King. London: Trübner & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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